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Autumn Voices.

Fading flowers whisper,
"Little ones, farewell!
Will you miss our faces
From the hill and dell?
Will you dream about us
In the wintry night,
When the silent snowflakes
Hide the earth from sight?

Flying birdies warble,
"We are going now;
Will you long to see us
On the blooming bough?
Though our airy journey
Far away must be,
Sweeter, brighter faces
We shall never see!"

Silver brooklets murmur'
"Little ones, good-b'
Winds are growing chilly,
Bitter days are nigh;
We shall miss your bright eyes
Peeping o'er the brim,
When in icy letters
We lie hushed and dim."

"Flowers, birds and brooklets,"
Little ones reply,
"Earth is sad and lonely
When you bid good-by;
We shall not forget you,
Never never fear;
We'll be watching for you
Early in the year!"

—*The Nursery.*

A Rhyme of the Time.

Miss Pallas Eudora Von Blinky
She didn't know chicken from turkey;
High Spanish and Greek she could fluently speak,
But her knowledge of poultry was murky.

She could tell the great uncle of Moses,
And the dates of the wars of the Roses,
And the reason of things—why the Indians wore rings
In their red, original noses!

Why Shakespeare was wrong in his grammar,
And the meaning of Emerson's "Brahma."
And she went chipping rocks with a little black box
And a small geological hammer.

She had views on co education
And the principal needs of the nation,
And her glasses were blue and the number she knew
Of the stars in each high constellation,

And she wrote in a handwriting clerky,
And she talked with an emphasis jerky,
And she painted on tiles in the sweetest of styles;
But she didn't know chicken from turkey!

—*Nellie G. Cone.*

OUR BOARDER.

When Miss Dehone came to our house to stay it was well understood that it we were to her liking she was to remain with us for the rest of her days. And as we thought that the payment of her board would be quite an item in our little housekeeping, we were resolved that, of course, we would be to her liking. Moreover, Miss Dehone was a distant—indeed, a very distant—connection of mamma's great-aunt's second cousin by marriage, or something of the sort. And distant as that was, we were the nearest and only connection she had in the world, so that—I am ashamed to acknowledge that we were so poor as to be obliged to encourage a mercenary thought in the matter—so that we might possibly come in for something by her will, if she decided not to leave all and everything to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Cats, as she had once formally declared her intention to be.

Sarah did not look on the innovation favorably. Sarah was our beauty of beauties—I wish you could have seen her in those days—dark and tall and straight as an Arab, with such a carnation on her olive cheek, and such blue-black hair, and eyes like midnight and stars, that was different from Mamma as dark from dawn; for Em was all fair and rosy and dimpled and yellow-haired, while Kate was gray-eyed, black-lashed and pale. As for me, I was always a little dud; but I was mighty useful.

Well, Sarah said she had rather go without everything forever than introduce a stranger—and such a stranger—among us, and Em seconded her. Em didn't say it, but pretty sure it would interfere with her beaux to have an old lady always sitting round, with her black-shawls and foot-stoves and big tabby cats on each side of her, to be waited on every minute or two, or else to give you a heartless appearance; and it was well known that Miss Dehone had the greatest contempt for the young men of to-day, who had deteriorated so sadly since her time. But Kate and I persuaded mamma to our side, and that was a majority, and Miss Dehone came. And she was an old woman, with clanket-shawls, and soap-stones, and rubber bags of hot water, and terrible attacks of colic, and a lap-dog, and a parrot, and a pair of canaries, and a family of Persian cats; and for the rest, the most inquisitive little body, with her sharp black eyes peering from all her cracks and crannies and finding things like a mouse from a bundle of rags. And to Sarah's consternation, she singled her out for the royal favor at once. "You have the Dehone eye, my love," she said, with a series of queer little nods; "I looked just like you at your age." And Sarah said afterward, with asperity, that if she was going to look just like her at her age, she wished she might die now!

"Just think how horrid it will be when Arnold comes," said Sarah to me. "There she is perched with her pets in the corner, and there she always will be with those dreadful eyes of hers, too. Dehone eyes, indeed! And she will be asking all sorts of hateful questions—she'll be asking him his intentions, for all I know."

Asking Arnold Parnell his intentions! Sarah guessed that mamma had been on the point of it any time this twelvemonth; for mamma held her husband's girls to be a serious responsibility, and here had Arnold been, as she would have said if she had put it into words, in the way of Sarah's making an eligible settlement all this year and more. Mamma is cheeky—I beg her dear old haughty pardon, she calls it her habit of self-respect—but somehow, like "grandfather's clock," she always stopped "short" et asking Arnold any questions that she could not have asked a prince of the blood royal; and if anybody ever looked like a prince of the blood royal it was Arnold Parnell. That he was madly in love with Sarah there wasn't the least doubt in my mind, and I doubt if there was any doubt in Sarah's, although I dare say that about some things one is hardly quite sure till the articles are signed and sealed. But she was such a proud and stately piece that she would have died sooner than have given him, on anybody but me—nobody ever minded me much—one sign concerning her feelings; and all we exactly knew was that if young Dr. Parnell had given us a good chance, we, at least, should have been equally madly in love with him. But then Sarah wasn't like the rest of us, and had never said as much as this about him before.

"Oh, no," I answered her on this occasion, "she won't go out of her way to make herself disagreeable."

"She won't have to," said Em, coming in with Kate and overhearing me. "It is just going to destroy our home having that woman here. She'll have the best chair, the best corner, the best morsel, the best room and the best manners all the time. There'll never be a bit of freedom; we must speak with bated breath; we don't know how she'll like this or take that; she's strict and we're liberal; she likes a lot of people we hate; we'll have to mince our words and pare our speech; she'll want haricot when we want roast; we'll hate pies and she'll hate puddings; she'll want breakfast at daybreak and dinner at noon—and oh, dear! dear!"

And she did. All these things came true. Miss Dehone naturally had the best corner and the best chair in it; of course she had the best room—there wasn't any other for her; and of course I helped her to the best cuts—what else could you do with an elderly stranger at table? and of course we were on our best behaviour and took care as to what we said in her presence. She was a dyspeptic and had to have little messes made for her; and she did get up before dawn, and look very thankful if anybody else crept out of bed a couple of hours afterward, and seem to be a reproach to lazy young people; and she did look over the tops of her glasses at Arnold's goings and comings in such a way that it was quite plain that if she said nothing, yet, like the silent parrot, she kept up a great thinking. But then, as I said to Sarah once, she paid for it all. As yet we hardly felt any additional expense; and if things went on comfortably, we could really think of buying the new carpet that we had despaired of, and so rid ourselves of the disgusting task of covering up holes and darns by means of artistically arranged shadows of chairs and tables; and the next thing would be the new dress for mamma—she hadn't had a fresh black silk since papa's death, and now silks were so cheap.

"I don't care if she does," said Sarah. "Money can't pay for everything; money won't pay for your health. And here you are making yourself sick waiting on her by inches; and if you don't, of course I must. And then I never shall be able to have an hour for myself for Arnold—" She stopped, for she hadn't meant to say that. "There! I don't care if it does burn my face and grime my hands," she cried; "I can't have you doing all the nursing. There'll be nothing left of you in a year, with carrying up trays for breakfast, and making beef tea, and whipping up eggs for refreshers, and stirring a custard now and a panada then, and filling hot-water bottles, and shaking up cushions, and running up and down stairs, and being a perfect drudge in general—"

"Nonsense!" said I, when I could break in. "You know I like to do it. It is always pleasant to me to—"

"Then if it's so pleasant," said Sarah, "I'll have some of the pleasure. If the little creature's going to stay—and I suppose she is—I shall take care of her for the future. I'm sure you've enough to do in waiting on mamma and seeing to the housekeeping. Mamma's enough to set one by the head.

Mamma wasn't our own mother, by-the-way; she was papa's great mistake. But then we all got along nicely together, and we three, who were very fond of each other, for all Sarah's remark; but you know the best of friends are sometimes exasperating. As mamma came of an old and stately but impecunious family, she held herself of a little more worth than we were—we who had sprung from the soil, so to speak; and, to tell the truth, we did have to wait upon her—how we did have to wait upon her! But somehow we always liked it till Miss Dehone came; and then, I suppose, having the two of them made it too much of a good thing. And I must say I was surprised to see Sarah taking the matter up so, and it did put me in mind of the Queen of Sheba waiting on the Witch of Endor, say—Sarah was so splendid and superb, and then she usually did look like an Eastern princess in disguise, whether she was holding a toasting fork over the blaze or snuffing Miss Dehone's wax candle for her; and Miss Dehone always would have a wax candle. As for Em and Kate, they kept school, and were the chief of our support, and could not, of course, do anything else.

Well, at the end of the second month I went to balancing our accounts, and seeing what would be left over for the carpet and mamma's silk; and, if you'll believe it, adding in all the board money, our accounts only came out just even. All the little messings had counted up, and instead of our boarder's being a profit, that little item in our housekeeping was all the other way. "Well," said I, "what shall we do? Let her find another home? It's a pity—and she so well established."

"It would be a shame," said Sarah, hesitatingly. "A shame. No, I couldn't—could you?—turn her out."

"No profit and no pleasure, and a world of trouble," said I.

"I don't know," said Sarah. "You can't help growing fond of the little thing, although she does ask such questions."

Questions! I should think so. Who was that? And what did he come for? What was his business here? Was he Sarah's lover or Em's? She didn't think much of his taste if he were Em's. Was he a good match? Why hadn't we looked out for him, then? Why were none of us engaged? Did we mean to die old maids like her? Did we think that so cheerful a prospect, with nobody to care a farthing? Who was the Dr. Parnell that came round here so much? Was he handsome? Handsome is that handsome does, and Sarah wasn't to be had for the asking, she would have him to know.

"Does Sarah like him, do you know?" she asked me one day.

"Indeed, Miss Dehone, how can I say?"

"You can say very well if you will."

"But—"

"I don't want to hear anything about a 'but.' You think I'm a chattering old woman, and so you won't speak. Very well; I can find out usually all I want to in one way or another, and no thanks to anybody. I'll ask him."

Ask him! "For goodness sake, Miss Dehone—" I began

"Then there is something in it!" she said, triumphantly. "I thought so. He's in love with Sarah, and she's in love with him. Why aren't they engaged? Why don't they marry? Good gracious! it wasn't so when I was young. Love has turned his bow into a money-bag. Well, hasn't he a profession?"

"Oh, yes, you know he's a physician. But he practices in a country village ten miles from here, and drives over to see us. And, dear me, it's the healthiest village."

"So I suppose. Why doesn't he settle there?"

"Because there's no opening. The town's full of doctors now."

"And there's no hope of anything better—let me see, I ought to say worse—in the village?"

"No. He doesn't earn enough to pay for his salt, let alone Sarah's. No, it's hopeless," said I, "unless some angel of mercy leaves us all a fortune."

"You needn't look at me, I sha'n't. My will was made years ago. But I should think," she added, reflectively, "that if a young man had any push, he could find a way to support himself and a wife too. If I wanted to marry Sarah, I'd emigrate, but I'd do it. But there! what do I care? What should I do, to be sure, without her? No, let Arnold Parnell marry Em or Kate, or any other baggage. My Sarah's too good for him."

"I quite agree with Miss Dehone," said mamma, who had waked from her nap on the lounge. "If a young man is worth marrying, he will find out a way."

"I suppose he will," said I, "by the time they are both gray-headed."

"Dear! dear!" said Miss Dehone. "What a world it is!" And when Arnold's gig stopped at the door that night, the old lady hitched her chair round and deliberately turned her shoulder on him, having first fitted on a pair of dark blue glasses for the protection of her eyes from the fire, and leaned back in her chair to enjoy a nap. Arnold and Sarah sat down for a game of cribbage, and perhaps the sound of the monotonous enumeration and iteration lulled her off—and perhaps they didn't. At any rate, she soon gave audible testimony to being asleep; and I went into the back parlor, where mamma was playing whist with Kate and two dummies—for Em and Fred Mallows were so taken up with each other as to be no better than dummies. "I declare," said mamma, as Em trumped her own trick and Fred placidly revoked, "I had as lief play with two figure-heads. Pray, Mr. Mallows, do you follow Pole, or Cavendish, or De Vautre, or—"

"I follow my partner's lead," said Mr. Mallows.

I went and looked on at the play; and as they grew merry and forgetful, I glanced into the little mirror that reflected a corner of the other room, I being the only one in the range of its picture, and I saw Arnold's hand pause in moving a peg, and close round Sarah's half-suspended one—and there was no more cribbage played in the front parlor that night. And by-and-bye, when Sarah came to bed, I pretended to be asleep, but for all that I saw her cheeks the color of two carnations, and her eyes shining with such a sweet light in them as she put down the lamp and stood leaning her arms on the bureau and looking in the glass. "Oh!" she murmured to herself. "And it will be an old, old woman's first!" And I heard her crying softly to herself whenever I woke up in the night, as I had never heard her do before.

But the next morning there was no time for sentiment. Miss Dehone was ill. And after no end of running with hot flannels and foot-baths, she declared it was a case for a doctor, and I must send for one.

"Why not have Arnold?" said I.

"Arnold!" she cried, with contempt. "Do you suppose I want to make a clinical lecture of myself for that boy? Do I want to be a subject for a young man's experiments? No. I heard Em's chattering Mallows there last night, after you went up, telling of Arnold's taking that Irish baby up to his own room to get well; and of his transfusing blood from his right arm for that dying woman—but you see she died—and he hadn't any right to do it. And I can't say when I have felt more indignant than went he told of Arnold's taking out a screw in the life-boat in that September gale to rescue the people on the wreck of the Sariana. Suppose I'd been one of his patients, and he'd risk his life so in the very middle of my case—"

"How did you hear all that, Miss Dehone? I thought you were asleep."

"I woke up."

"Perhaps you heard something else?"

"I heard a great deal else," said she, with some emphatic nods, and her little black eyes sparkling like diamonds. "And saw too."

"I don't see what there was to see."

"Just as good as a novel, my dear, just as good as a novel—a real live novel, too."

"Do you mean Sarah and Arnold?" She nodded again.

"I don't think you had any right—" I began.

"Now you stop just there!" she cried. "That's my affair, and not yours. If I can square it with my conscience, I'm not obliged to square it by yours." Then the little sprite looked up at me with the oldest, eeriest laugh. "Do you want to know how I saw them?" she said. "Then you put on my glasses. I'm about done with them." And she thrust the blue spectacles on my nose, tilted at an abtuse angle, and I saw the whole room behind me reflected in miniature in the blue glasses, as if they were a Psyche mirror.

"Oh, how mean!" I exclaimed.

"Pshaw! Why should they mind me any more than an old cat? I am an old tree. I saw him kiss her hand; and—and I should have seen him kiss her lips, I guess—her beautiful sweet lips—if I hadn't shut my eyes just then. Oh, yes, I have a little conscience. You are going to warn them about me? You'd better not. The motto on one of our first coins was, mind your own business. I'll give you one of them for your collection if you'll hold your tongue. And I'm going to send Mamma off, too; but then it isn't wise or respectful for you to say so," said the midget. "Arnold? No, I want a practical man. He's handsome enough—oh, he's very well-looking; handsome as Sarah; handsome like King Saul. But I like an ugly doctor. And my throat's all filling up. I wish you'd hurry. Who is the best doctor here—I mean the oldest? Who has the widest practice? I want *him*." So I sent for Dr. Burns; and the little creature insisted on seeing him alone, and a sweet time, we thought, he had of it with her.

"He's an old man, a very old man, together too old to practice, and I told him so. If I like an old doctor, I don't mean Methuselah," said she. "But he's done me good. I feel better already. I shouldn't wonder if I could go down stairs."

"Do you think you'd best?"

"Well, if Sarah'll come and read to me, I'll sit up here till night-fall. I always like to leave my room, and change the air anyway, when I can." And as Sarah read interminable page after page of Pollock's "Course of Time," her sad, sweet face a little turned away, the mouth slightly drooping, and the lovely lips cast down, I saw the little creature eyeing her with a most sinister cast of countenance. "Just think," I said to myself, "her life almost done with, and their lives—my dear magnificent Sarah's life—just beginning, and just going to ruin. And if they only had her money, only had half of it—"

"You just go away!" said Miss Dehone to me, sharply. "I know exactly what you're thinking of. Your face is just like a jack-o'-lantern—the light shines through. It's no use at all."

She came down stairs, before tea, on Sarah's arm. It was blowing up quite a gale and the rain was sweeping by the firelight of the windows like sparks. She didn't look much as though she had had the doctor in the morning; Sarah looked a great deal more like it. The little eyes of the old lady fairly danced; she kept looking toward the windows, and wouldn't have the lamps lit; and as Arnold suddenly opened the door and came in, shaking off the storm and bringing a gale with him, she laughed like a girl. "I declare," I said to myself, "I don't know what to make of her. Is she a fraud, or is she not?" And all at once, cold and ruddy as he was after throwing off his cloak, Arnold had stalked forward to that fire and had seized the little bundle of rags and ribbons and eyes in his arms.

"I always knew there was a good fairy at the hearth," he cried.

"Put me down, sir! put me down! I'm sure I don't know what you mean. I never was treated with such indignity?"

"I never shall put you down," said he, "till you promise to come and sit by Sarah's fireside and mine."

"Arnold!" cried Sarah, white as a white rose.

"Dr. Parnell!" said mamma, starting to her feet with as much dignity as the amazement left her.

"Yes, yes," he said. "I mean it. We are going to have a hearth of our own at last. And such a hearth! Do you remember that old gray house on the hill, with the garden going up the hill behind it, all terraces and grass-plots and alleys and flower beds?"

"Ah, how sweetly such things sound in fall weather, and when you don't have to weed and water!" cried Kate, clasping her hands melodramatically, in order to break the breathless spell.

"And if you do!" he exclaimed. "And all the year round and forever!"

"Do you mean Dr. Burns' house?" I asked.

"Exactly so. Sarah, that is going to be our own house. It is your wedding present. And she has done it, the little fairy godmother. And she has bought Dr. Burns' practice, and that is mine. And I enter on the good will next week, and we go into that house, you and I, Sarah, the week after. Do you hear?"

"Do you hear, Sarah?" echoed Miss Dehone.

"Oh, it can't be true," said Sarah, with white lips, and seeming ready to fall on her knees.

"It *is* true," said Miss Dehone. "And now I suppose you'll let me go, young man?"

"Not," said he, "till you promise to come with Sarah. We shall need the fairy godmother at our hearth there—they've got another here"—and if you'll believe it, he looked at me. "Not till then," said he.

"Very well, then," said she. "Anything for peace. But if you believe for a moment," said she, adjusting her cap, after he had dropped her into her chair, "that I had any other intention you are mistaken. Leave my Sarah to the mercies of a man, indeed! Sarah, I'm determined you shall have everything I didn't. And I've ordered you an ivory-tinted satin and orange blossome and veil." And all of a sudden the little creature burst into tears, and we were all sobbing and laughing round her, and when she at last emerged from the dampness and disorder, "Dear me!" she said, "I should think I was the bride, after all!"—*Harper's Bazar.*

Curing Hydrophobia by Force of Will.

It will not do to say that hydrophobia is always a disease of the imagination; but that it is sometimes such, and that it may be controlled and cured by the influence of the mind over the body, would appear to be proved by the following interesting case related in a recent article in the *Cornhill Magazine*:

Andrew Crosse, the electrician, had been bitten severely by a cat, which on the same day died from hydrophobia. He seems resolutely to have dismissed from his mind the fears which must naturally have been suggested by these circumstances. Had he yielded to them, as most men would, he might not improbably have succumbed within a few days or weeks to an attack of mind-created hydrophobia—so to describe the fatal ailment which ere now has been known to kill persons who had been bitten by animals perfectly free from rabies. Three months passed, during which Crosse enjoyed his usual health. At the end of that time, however, he felt one morning a severe pain in his arm, accompanied by great thirst. He called for water, but "at the instant," he says, "that I was about to raise the tumbler to my lips a strong spasm shot across my throat; immediately the terrible conviction came to my mind that I was about to fall a victim to hydrophobia, the consequence of the bite I had received from the cat. The agony of mind I endured for one hour is indescribable; the contemplation of such a horrible death—death from hydrophobia—was almost insupportable. The pain, which had first commenced in my hand, passed up to the elbow, and from thence to the shoulder, threatening to extend. I felt all human aid was useless, and I believed that I must die. At length I began to reflect on my condition. I said to myself: 'Either I shall die, or I shall not; if I do, it will only be a fate which many have suffered, and many more must suffer, and I must bear it like a man; if, on the other hand, there is any hope of my life, my only chance is in summoning my utmost resolution, defying the attack, and exerting every effort of my mind.' Accordingly, feeling that physical as well as mental exertion was necessary, I took my gun, shouldered it, and went out for the purpose of shooting, my arm aching the while intolerably. I met with no sport, but I walked the whole afternoon, exerting at every step I went a strong mental effort against the disease. When I returned to the house I was decidedly better; I was able to eat some dinner, and drank water as usual. The next morning the aching pain had gone down to my elbow, the following it went down to the wrist, and the third day I felt free. I mentioned the circumstance to Dr. Kinglake, and he said he certainly considered I had had an attack of hydrophobia, which would possibly have proved fatal had I not struggled against it by a strong effort of mind."

A Remarkable Rifleman.

At Agricultural Park, Dr. John Ruth, of Oakland, gave an exhibition of his skill as a rifle shot, and achieved a decided success, astonishing even his friends. During the entertainment he shot cigars from the mouth of his assistant, who was standing about twenty feet distant, and not only did so while having the gun—a twenty-two calibre Ballard—against his shoulder in the usual manner, but with it turned sideways or upside down, with the stock resting upon his head. He also shot apples from a stick two or three inches long held in his assistant's mouth, the gun being fired in various difficult positions, including sighting from his shoulder, his elbow, his knee, and also shot glass balls from his assistant's head, making many shots that were difficult and seemed perilous. The audience were at a loss which to admire most, the nerve of the shooter or the youth who held "target." As a portion of the exhibition the doctor attempted to beat his score, made recently at Oakland, of breaking 923 glass balls out at 1,000. During the afternoon he shot at 500 and missed twenty. In the afternoon he shot at 500 more and missed only nineteen—making a total of thirty-nine misses out of 1,000 balls shot at. The score in the afternoon was carefully tallied by several persons, including the Secretary of State elect, D. M. Burns. The best "run" made by the shooter was eighty successive hits. While pleased with having made the best score ever made in public on the coast, he stated that he was not in good trim for shooting, having been nearly laid up by a big boil on the back of his neck, which was lanced only last Tuesday. He has shot at 1,000 successive balls but once before, but in shooting at 500 he has been so successful as to miss only nine out of that number. He is a large man of about middle age, of agreeable manner, and handles very smoothly the weapon he uses. His average time in shooting 100 balls was between nine and ten minutes, using but one gun and loading it himself. Like Carver, he shoots with both eyes open.—*San Francisco Record.*

Field's Monument to Andre.

A monument has been erected by Cyrus W. Field to Major Andre on the spot where the British spy was hanged, in Tappan, N. Y. The monument, which is of the finest Maine granite, is six feet eight inches high and along with the foundation weighs about fifteen tons. It bears the following inscription, written by Dean Stanley, of Westminster, the lines being arranged in the order here given:

Here died October 2d, 1780,
MAJOR JOHN ANDRE,
Of the British Army,
who, entering the American lines
on a mission to Benedict Arnold
for the surrender of West Point,
was taken prisoner, tried and condemned as a spy.
HIS DEATH,
though according to the stern code of war,
moved even his enemies to pity,
and both armies mourned the fate
of one so young and so brave.
In 1821 his remains were removed in Westminster Abbey.
A hundred years after his execution
this stone was placed above the spot where he lay
by a citizen of the States against which he fought,
not to perpetuate the record of strife,
but in token of those better feelings
which have since united two nations,
in a long career of mutual honor and renown,
with the earnest hope that this friendly union
WILL NEVER BE BROKEN.

On the west side of the shaft is the following:

ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY,
Dean of Westminster.

On the south side is the following quotation:

Sunt lacrymæ rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt.
—Virgil, Aneid 1, 642.

On the north side are the following words attributed to General Washington, who signed Arnold's death warrant:

"He was more unfortunate than criminal; an accomplished man, and a gallant officer."
GEORGE WASHINGTON.

A Mathematical Curiosity.

Mr. Joseph Jamerson, of this city, says the Columbus (Ohio) *State Journal*, has had the leisure and ingenuity to study out the following peculiar arrangement of figures:

The year 1881 will be a mathematical curiosity. From left to right and from right to left it reads the same; 18 divided by 2 gives 9 as the quotient; 81 divided by 9 and 9 is the quotient. If 1881 is divided by 209, 9 is the quotient; if divided by 9, the quotient contains a 0; if multiplied by 9, the product contains two 9's. One and eight are nine, eight and one are nine. If the 18 be placed under the 81 and added, the sum is 99. If the figures be added thus, 1, 8, 8, 1, it will give 18. Reading from left to right is 18, and reading from right to left is 81; and 18 is two-ninths of 81. By adding, dividing and multiplying nineteen 9's are produced, being one 9 for each year required to complete the century.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Recipes.

MOCK OYSTERS OF CORN.—Take a dozen and a half ears of green corn and grate from the cob as fine as possible; then add two large tablespoonfuls of flour and three eggs. Beat well and fry as you would oysters, in part butter and part lard, which should be very hot.

TOMATO SOUP.—To one pint tomatoes, canned, or four large ones cut fine, add one quart boiling water and let them boil. Then add one teaspoon of soda, when it will foam; immediately add one pint of sweet milk, with salt, pepper and plenty of butter. When this boils add eight small crackers, rolled fine, and serve.

GINGER PUDDING.—Half a pound o flour, quarter of a pound of suet, quarter of a pound of moist sugar, two large teaspoonfuls of grated ginger. Shred the suet very fine, mix it with the flour, sugar and ginger; stir all well together; butter a basin and put the mixture in dry; tie a cloth over and boil for three hours.

EGG OR BUTTER GRAVY.—Put into a tin dish one-quarter cup of butter and a large tablespoonful of flour. Set on the stove, and as the butter melts stir in the flour until smooth, or free from lumps; then pour on nearly a pint of boiling water. Slice into your gravy bowl two hard boiled eggs, pour the gravy on them and serve. Salt and pepper.

APPLE CAKE.—Take two cups of dried apples; stew just enough to chop easily; chop as fine as raisins and boil in two cups of molasses till preserved through; drain off the molasses, then add two eggs, one cup of butter, one cup of sour milk, two teaspoonfuls of soda, five cups of flour and spices of all kinds; add the apples and one large cup of raisins the last thing.

SCOTCH BROTH.—Two pounds of the scraggy part of the neck of mutton. Cut the meat from the bone and cut off all the fat; cut the meat into small pieces; put into a soup pot with one large slice of turnip, two carrots, one onion, one stalk of parsley, one-half cup of barley, three pints of water and boil gently two hours. On the bones put one pint of water, boil two hours and then strain on the soup. Cook one spoonful of flour and one of butter together until perfectly smooth, then stir into the soup and add one teaspoonful of chopped parsley. Season with salt and pepper.—*Miss M. Furlon.*

Household Hints.

To make a polish for metals, dissolve one ounce carbonate of ammonia in four ounces of water and add sixteen ounces of Paris white, mixing them well together. Use a damp sponge, and rub the powder lightly over the surface of the metal. When the powder is dusted off the metal will be bright and clean.

To make potato starch, grate six medium-sized potatoes and mix thoroughly with one gallon of water; strain through a coarse towel, let settle, drain off the water and turn on another gallon of clear water and let settle again; drain again, put in an earthen dish and set in a warm place (not too warm) to dry. Use same as corn-starch for starching clothes.

When you gather your herbs dry them and rub the leaves through a sieve and bottle them tightly till you need them. Tie the stalks together and save them till you want to make what the French call a bouquet for a soup or stew. A bouquet of herbs is made by tying together a few sprigs of parsley, thyme and two bay leaves. These can all be bought at any drug store.

To restore scorched linen, peel and slice two onions, and extract the juice by pounding and squeezing; cut up half an ounce of fine white soap, and also add to the juice of the onions two ounces of fuller's earth and half a pint of vinegar. Boil all together. When cool, spread over the scorched linen, and let it dry on; then wash and boil out the linen, and the spots will disappear, unless burned so badly as to destroy the threads.

When to Apply Manure.

The common practice among farmers is to make a general clearing of the yards and barn cellars once a year, either in the spring or fall. Either practice has its many disadvantages. If this work is done in the spring, it is when the ground is soft, and other work is exceedingly pressing. If the manure is drawn out in the fall, and dropped in heaps upon the field to be cultivated next season, there is more or less waste by leaching and by evaporation. There is a growing disposition among our intelligent farmers to apply manure directly to growing crops, or as near the time of planting and sowing as possible. It is felt that the sooner manure is put within reach of the roots of plants, the better for the crops and their owner. Manure is so much capital invested, and bears interest only as it is consumed in the soil.

The barn-cellar may be so managed as to manufacture and turn out fertilizers every month in the year, so that the farmer may suit his convenience in applying them to the soil. When manure is not wanted for cultivated crops, it is always safe to apply it to the grass crop, either in pastures or upon meadows after mowing. Top-dressing is growing in favor with our intelligent farmers. Grass pays better than almost any farm crop in the older States, and the spreading of compost saves the necessity of frequent plowing and seeding. By top-dressing at any convenient season of the year, fields may be kept profitably in grass for an indefinite time.—*American Agriculturist.*

Dust Baths for Fowls.

Yes, they are just about the best things which can be allowed to the fowls and chicks, and they are sure to appreciate them as much as a cleanly disposed person does a good bath in the water, for it is their mode of effecting a thorough cleansing. Nature has ordered it so, and the fowls understand it full well, for they delight in nothing more—unless we except a good feed—than to roll around and work through a lot of fine dust, and they go at it with all the delight evinced by a lot of urchins in a pond of water. They run themselves down deep into it, toss it up under their wings, over their heads and backs and in under their feathers until they are completely covered with it. This refreshes them wonderfully, while it also has the desirable effect of ridding them of lice. This is especially so when the dust has been sprinkled lightly with diluted carbolic acid or well dusted in with flowers of sulphur, though the acid is the best, and, as usual, the cheapest. There should always be plenty of fine, dry dust kept on hand, and it should be liberally supplied, either in wide and shallow boxes, or in one corner of the house. It must always be kept under shelter, else it will soon become a clamp from the dews, or from showers of rain. —*Poultry Monthly.*

Curious Facts.

Man has the power of imitating almost every motion but that of flight. To effect this, he has in maturity and health sixty bones in his head, sixty in his thighs and legs, sixty-two in his arms and hands, and sixty-seven in his trunk. He has also 434 muscles. His heart makes sixty-four pulsations in a minute, and therefore 2,840 in an hour, and 92,160 in a day. As to the speed of animated beings, size and construction seem to have little influence. The sloth is by no means a small animal, and yet it can travel only fifty paces in a day; a worm crawls only five inches in fifty seconds, but a ladybird can fly twenty million times its own length in less than an hour. An elk can run a mile and a half in seven minutes; an antelope a mile in a minute; the wild ass of Tartar has speed even greater than that. An eagle can fly eighteen leagues in an hour. A violent winds travels sixty to seventy miles an hour.

Can Hydrophobia Be Cured.

Gottlieb Elsasser, who died in Philadelphia, had a history, which is given by the *Times* of that city. In Prussia he took a degree of Doctor of Medicine, and, coming to this country, made a fortune and then lost it. He was a native of Berlin, and many years ago his father owned a Spitz dog, prized for his faithfulness and his ability as a night watchman.

Mr. Elsasser's uncle was the "scharfrichter," or headsman, of Berlin, and, as a part of his vocation, he was expected to fill the position of pound-master. During the dog days his numerous aids, or "scharfrichter-knechters," roamed through the city and seized all the dogs that seemed to be without home or master. Those that were not redeemed were killed.

From the nature of his occupation the "scharfrichter-knechter" became intimately acquainted with the doings and misdoings of all kinds of dogs, and in Berlin he was looked upon as authority in all matters concerning them. The rest of the story is given as told by Gottlieb Elsasser himself some time ago.

"My father finally became a storekeeper, and then he deemed it advisable to part with our Spitzer, and accordingly he presented him to a friend. My uncle, hearing that the dog was going among strangers, said to his new master: 'Beware of him; he belongs to the "wasser-scheu."' He meant by this that he belonged to that class of dogs which fear the water.

"The 'scharfrichter-knechter' divides all dogs into two classes; those that fear the water, including the Spitz, poodle and numerous other varieties, and those that, like the water, including the Newfoundland, setter, pointer, bloodhound and the various kinds of hunting dogs. He holds that the bite of every dog that fears the water is poisonous at all times, and that the members of the other class are entirely harmless.

"Well, my father's friend took our Spitz dog away. The dog bit him and the man died. 'Didn't I tell you so?' said my uncle, the 'scharfrichter.' 'The bite of a "wasserscheu" is as deadly as the sting of a rattlesnake. If you had called me in time, though, I could have saved him.'

"This was the remedy my uncle proposed. Beneath the tongue of every human being there are two large veins, whose blackness renders them easily distinguishable. When any one is afflicted with hydrophobia, cut these open with a pair of small scissors or any sharp instrument, and allow the blood to trickle out. This rids the patient of the virus. Then make a tea of lupulin, the seeds of the hop vine, and give the patient a cupful. This will at once put him to sleep without having the injurious effect that would follow the administration of opium In four or five hours the patient will awake. Then give him another cupful of the tea, and continue this treatment until he has slept for twenty-four hours. He will then be entirely cured. The 'scharfrichter-knechters' say that this simple remedy never fails.

"In Silesia, in 1831, I was in the army, employed to prevent people from entering the district ravaged by the cholera. Four soldiers were bitten by wolves, they also dread the water, and therefore belong to the wasserscheu. One of the men expired in terrible agony. While the other three were suffering terribly a scharfrichter-knechter arrived, applied his remedy and the lives of the men were saved.

"When a boy I threw a Spitz dog into a pond. It was only by strategy that I could get him near the bank. When he found himself in the water he paddled vigorously with his fore feet, but he could not swim. The hind part of his body sank. Try a Newfoundland or bloodhound dog in the same manner, he will easily float in the water, and swims quietly and gracefully. Every one should try his dogs, and ascertain if they belong to the wasserscheu. If they dread the water do not allow them to remain in the house. The Spitz and his brethren are as dangerous as the rattlesnake. It does no good to kill him after he has bitten you. Let him live, and see whether it is necessary that he should be what people call 'mad' in order to causen hydrophobia."

A Romance of History.

A through Germany the anniversary of the surrender at Sedan was celebrated by fireworks, illuminations and the inevitable oration. In connection with this event is a story which sounds more like romance than real history. When the great Napoleon, the only Napoleon in fact, was rushing through Europe at the head of his victorious army, made drunk by repeated successes, Louisa, Queen of Prussia, who was compelled to fly from castle to castle, determined to seek an interview with the resistless general. When she entered the room with her children, hoping that their guileless faces would touch the royal heart, she was so exhausted that she sank into a chair. Napoleon, addressing her in his most brusque manner, said, "Madame, are you aware that you are in the presence of the Emperor?" She at once rose, and standing before the parvenu with the dignity which the recollection that her family had been famous for hundreds of years inspired, replied: "Sir, I supposed that I was in the presence of a gentleman." Even the tiny child felt the insult, for he stamped with anger and doubled his little fist. What wonder that he never forgot the wrong done to his mother, and that when he became a man and felt the pressure of the crown he sought for an opportunity to avenge it? The emperor reached the height of his towering ambition and then fell into the abyss of St. Helena. At last his nephew—a shadow with a great man's name attached—seized the throne of France. At Sedan that nephew—all there was left of the Napoleon who had insulted Louisa—delivered up his sword in disgraceful defeat to the Emperor William, who as a boy had clinched his fists and vowed revenge. And now you can see in Berlin a magnificent monument dedicated to the memory of Louisa and built with money which the French people were compelled to pay. History seldom presents a picture so complete in all its details as this one.

The Sutro (Nev.) *Independent* says: "Old Mother Dildine, the hermit, of Twenty-One-Mile Desert, paid her semi-annual visit to our town last Thursday for the purpose of getting a few supplies. Notwithstanding her age—sixty-three years—she is as spry and active as a girl of sixteen. She wants a purchaser for her 500 goats and says she will return to her native town in Massachusetts if she can effect a sale of them. She left for the mountains again Thursday evening with a pillow-case full of eatables and clothing."

Marrying Chinaman.

The absence of Chinese women in the East has compelled the males to intermarry with the whites. There are in New York at the present time nearly 300 Chinamen who have white wives. They are mainly Spanish and Irish women, the Mongolians preferring the latter on account of their skill in domestic labor. Few of them allow their wives to work. This is due to a spirit of gallantry which is visible even in the West. The intermarriage of races commenced about six years ago. Consequently a young China-Celtic generation is springing up, the oldest of whom is about five years of age. As these children are becoming very numerous, they may become an important factor in strengthening the kindly relations between our citizens and Chinese emigrants. In a year or two some of them will be old enough to enter school. Not only have the Chinese married Spanish and Irish women, but at No. 45 Mott street there lives a Chinaman who married a colored woman. The pair have three fine-looking children.—*New York Herald.*

An Insurance Murder.

In December last J. W. Hillman, of Lawrence, Kansas, insured his life for $25,000 in the following companies: Connecticut Mutual Life, $5,000; Mutual Life, of New York, $10,000; New York Life, $10,000, the premiums amounting semi-annually to about $313. One day in the following February he met Major Wiseman, the special agent of the Mutual Life, who had taken his application in December, and asked him many pertinent questions, which roused the major's suspicions that Hillman was contemplated something "crooked." The special agent at once began taking notes as to the more precise and positive identification of Hillman should he in the future turn up dead. In the major's survey of Hillman, he noticed a tooth out in his upper left jaw. Soon afterward it was published that Hillman was accidentally shot and killed by his former business partner, J. H. Brown, and the body buried at Medicine Lodge. Wiseman instantly suspected something wrong, and accompanied by his lawyer and Agent Tillinghast, of the New York Life, arrived at Medicine Lodge on March 31st, fourteen days after the alleged accidental shooting. Wiseman insisted on

The Centre Reporter.

FRED. KURTZ.....EDITOR.

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CENTRE HALL, Pa., Oct. 23, 1879.

DEMOCRATIC NOMINATIONS.

FOR STATE TREASURER.
DANIEL O. BARR, of Allegheny.

Democratic County Ticket.

Jury Commissioner.
JOHN SHANNON.

Coroner.
DR. JOSEPH ADAMS.

The Lewistown Gazette says the result of the Iowa and Ohio elections is a condemnation of the mythical "shot-gun policy" in the south. The same logic would say then that it was an endorsement of the shot-gun policy in Rhode Island and California. Eh?

President Hayes should have said that if he lived in New York he would vote for Cornell. Of course he would—he took the presidency to which another was fairly elected, then why can't he eat even carrion c w? He removed Cornell from office because the custom house became a stink and to slap Conkling, and now he can eat crow.

Ireland is having an anti-rent agitation, which broke out some weeks ago among the tenants of the large landholders, and which has gained in strength up to this time, and an outbreak has been feared.

Five hundred tenants of the Marquis of Sligo and the Earl of Lucan met near Westport, in the county of Mayo, Connaught, and solemnly pledged themselves to pay no rent until a reduction should be granted proportionate to the great fall of prices of all kinds of agricultural produce. A notice was posted at Warrenpoint, county Down, Ulster, that any man coming into the county to pay more than £1 an acre for land may bring his coffin with him.

At a great anti-rent meeting in Navan, Ireland, on Sunday, Mr. Parnell, member of Parliament, was enthusiastically received. Thirty thousand people were present, and scores of triumphal arches spanned the streets. During Parnell's speech there were shouts in favor of shooting the landlords. Sullivan, O'Conor, Power and O'Sullivan also spoke. The last-named declared shooting landlords could do no good in the future, whatever it might have done in the past.

Ohio has gone republican as usual, only not with its usual majority. The days when the republicans could roll up from 40,000 to 60,000 majority in the Buckeye state have past and the democrats now hold them to majorities anywhere between 2000 to 15000, with an occasional democratic majority. Time will no doubt see Ohio swing around, at this rate, to a reliable democratic state. The result of the elections in that state for the last 6 or 8 years shows that the people are steadily drifting towards the democracy. This is the better class of republicans who are tired of the astounding corruption that has been practiced at Washington for nearly 20 years, and the extravagance in the administration of the national government, which has been partially curbed by a democratic congress in the last four years, and has saved the country nearly 100 million in cutting down the appropriations. This the thinking taxpayer has seen, and he is making up his mind that the democratic party is the party of reform.

Iowa has also gone republican; that state never went otherwise, and the result shows that the republicans had hard work to hold their own, and with all the great efforts made their majority does not come near the figures of former years.

Neither Ohio nor Iowa are counted upon to elect a democratic president in 1880.

The election of Foster puts Sherman forward as a presidential candidate, and is a back-set for Grant and Blaine. The Grant men will now have to hurry up if they wish their pet under whom they revelled and grew fat and were pardoned from the penitentiary for thieving, is to win for the next radical nomination. Ohio is not for Grant.

Mr. Bergh is after the vivisectionists in the Herald of 15. Their operations and experiments upon living animals in the interests of science and man he denounces as unwarranted. He cites one singular case:

A surgeon named Wainde, in the year 1860, writing to an English journalist, says:—"Observing the rapidity with which wounds heal, I conceived in my mind the possibility of uniting the raw surfaces of living animals. Having had a rat some time in my possession, which was very tame, I determined on making the trial, the other animal being a full grown crow. After removing the skin from the back of the rat with a scalpel I sliced off about two inches of the subcutaneous tissue, so that the mouths of the minute blood vessels might be opened. I then took off the feathers from the breast of the bird and performed the same operation. After sponging the parts with cold water I placed the crow, with its legs across the back of the rat, and with bandages kept them so that they could not retreat the incised surfaces. I fed them regularly, though the first day the crow ate nothing. At the end of sixteen days I removed the bandages, and I was delighted! The surfaces were united and the skin beginning to unite. They present a peculiar appearance, and do not seem disposed to part company. The crow does not possess sufficient power of wing to fly away with its companion, only to flutter it along at the height of a couple of feet from the ground. Should anybody be sceptical as to this fact," says the learned gentleman, "I shall have great pleasure in satisfying visitors by calling on me."

To this Mr. Begh adds: To my unappreciative understanding, it seems a pity that his first visitor had not been a policeman armed with sufficient power to "transfuse" the operator into a cell of the nearest prison.

It is a strange fact that Ohio has not gone Democratic on a full vote since 1852, nor been carried by the Democrats in the year preceding a Presidential election, since 1851. This is legitimate comfort. It didn't go Democratic this year, either.

The Patriot says it is rumored in republican circles that a special session of the legislature will be called and that J. Donald Cameron will resign his seat in the United States senate to take the port folio of the war department.

As Simon resigned that Don might be elected, Don may now resign that dad may be elected again.

Dr. LeMoyne, the famed cremator, died at his residence, Washington, Pa., on Tuesday, 14. It is said he left orders that his body shall be cremated in the furnace which he erected at his home.

The result of the Ohio election shows that the republican love for the soldier is a pure sham. Ewing served with gallantry through the whole war and lost a leg in the service, yet the republicans opposed him and voted for Foster who remained at home and made money selling calico at 75 cents per yard.

If a man was a rebel of the worst sort it is all right only so he turns republican. Moseby was a rebel guerilla chief all through the war, afterwards he turned in with the rads and he becomes a pet, and is given good offices. Longstreet was a rebel general all through the war, and after the close he went with the rads and was rewarded with a fat collectorship.

If Jeff Davis would only to-day sing "great is the radical party and I will vote with it," he would be received with open arms by them as were Moseby, Longstreet and other rebels. But when a gallant soldier like Ewing is nominated for an office, he is stigmatized as a traitor and rebel because he will not join the camp of the sutlers, jobbers, contractors, camp-followers and plunderers.

What beautiful consistency!

SUFFERING FROM DROUTH.

From all over the country our exchanges make mention of the prevailing drouth. From Lancaster, 16, a report says: The continued drought is causing much suffering and loss in this county. The Rohrersville rolling mill was compelled to stop operations to-day owing to the scarcity of water. In the southern portion of the county the majority of the springs and wells have dried up, necessitating the farmers to haul water for their stock. Most all the grist mills in the county have stopped. The streams have not been so low for over thirty years.

The Lewistown Democrat, 16, says: The "long dry spell" is making trouble in the county. From all quarters come reports of springs and wells giving out. Very naturally there is anxiety for rain. The wheat crop is also suffering in several localities from the like cause.

Reading and Pittsburg are suffering from a water famine.

A special from Pottsville says the slight rainfall of yesterday has had little or no effect on the water supply, and the prolonged drought is seriously felt at the collieries. Turkey Run, Pine Forest and Lower Rausch collieries have suspended for want of water. Kohinoor colliery, before reported suspended, is now being supplied with water hauled from Mahoney Plane, and quite a number of the collieries in Mahoney Valley are supplied with water brought by rail from Gordon. Water trains were running all day Sunday for this purpose. At Shenandoah half the town is virtually without water, being limited to one hour's supply in the morning and one at night.

THE PRESIDENTIAL FRAUD.

(Governor Hendricks.)

I think a man that comes into office like Hayes did ought to wear the robes of office less flauntingly. [Tremendous cheering.] He wasn't elected, and they know it. He can't rest. Like a disturbd spirit, he wanders about on the face of the earth, and can find no rest. He goes from one fair to another, but he has no peace. My countrymen, although I had no desire to be a candidate for the Vice Presidency, you cannot imagine how proud I felt when over 40,000,000 citizens of the United States cast their votes for me, and elected me. [Tremendous cheering.] But oh, if I had not been elected, and if by fraud I could have slipped into the place, how like a condemned criminal would I have hid my face from my fellow-countrymen forever! [Deafening and long continuous cheers; part of the audience rising to their feet and yelling themselves hoarse.] It was enough that Hayes should be carried into the position by fraud, but when he defeats the popular will, his wrong I have no words to describe. He holds office and draws his salary, but when he steps out of that office no one will be thought less of than he. [Cheers.] It may be that Hayes did not know of the fraud that was going on to secure his inauguration, but when we find that he has conferred a government office upon every man who had a hand in the fraudulent business, we are inclined to suspect him.

DOESN'T SPOIL NEXT YEAR'S FUN.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer, Dem.

After the defeat in Ohio in 1875 the Democratic party in 1876 elected a President. The result in Ohio this year does not make improbable or difficult the election of a Democratic President in 1880. Ohio was Republican in 1875, in 1876, in 1878 and is Republican in 1879.

The latest from the lost aeronauts, Wise and Burr is told in the the following dated Chicago, Oct. 20:

Superintendent Wilson has just received a dispatch from Lake Indiana as follows: A package of papers was found on the beach here this morning, thrown out of the balloon "Pathfinder." The papers have printed on them "Dropped from Prof. Wise's transcontinental balloon, the 'Pathfinder'", and are similar to papers dropped over other points by the professor.

Foster is likely to be a minority governor in Ohio, he has not got a majority over all—the greenback and democratic vote it seems will be larger than the republican vote. Foster's majority over Ewing is between 15000 and 17000. The legislature is republican which secures a senator in place of Thurman. Ohio saw the day when it could poll 40 to 50,000 majority over all opposition, for the republicans, yet now it only carries the state by a plurality.

The men who think the present a good time to strike for higher wages had better be careful not to overdo the thing, remarks the Lock Haven Republican. Nothing could be more likely to bring about a break-down than any undue forcing of the pace, and to strike work is a pretty poor way to help along the business boom. Employers have been showing themselves disposed to give their workmen the advantage of the returning prosperity, and those employed had better trust to them.

The quantity of coal and coke carried over the Pennsylvania railroad for the last tast two days of September was 50,993 tons, of which 43,412 tons were coal and 13,581 tons coke. The total tonnage for the year thus far has been 4,354,388 tons, of which 4,404,459 tons were coal and 948,929 tons coke.

Sick folks save money by buying the medicine known as Kidney-Wort. It is a dry vegetable compound of wonderful efficacy in all diseases of the liver and kidneys. One package makes six quarts of medicine which contains no poisonous liquors being prepared in pure water.

Prudent people always have Dr. Bull's Baltimore Pills convenient. They often take the place of a doctor and cost only 25 cts. For sale everywhere.

The Democrats last week carried Newark by 2500 A great gain, Bring out the little rooster.

Streaky butter. Unmarketable, streaky butter, can be avoided by using the Perfected Butter Color of Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt. At hundreds of fairs this year, good judges have united in its commendation. It has no perceptible taste or odor.

Dr. H. J. Glenn, late Democratic candidate for Governor in California, this year has raised one million two hundred thousand sacks of grain on his ranch at Colusa county. This is equal to about sixty-five thousand tons, or enough to load thirty-two vessels. The crop is worth about $2,210,000.

ONE THING DEMONSTRATED.

[Cleveland Plaindealer.]

The election has demonstrated one thing which ought to be engraved on the tablet of every Democrat's memory and that is that so far as the Republicans are concerned their cry for the soldier is merely a party rallying cry—only this and nothing more. By their federal and other appointments, by elections of Congressmen and other officials all over the North they have shown that they are absolutely nothing for the soldier except when it is convenient to use him. They reckon a red-handed, murdering rebel guerrilla like Mosby among their saints if he becomes a Republican, but denounce a brave and gallant Union soldier like Ewing as a rebel and a hero who was mutilated in defense of the old flag like Rice a traitor and vote for a stay-at-home. We warn Democratic soldiers they need never expect any Republican sympathy for all they endured to make a peaceful country for ungrateful wretches who skulked in the rear and grab offices in peace. The Republicans want all the Democratic aid they can buy, beg or borrow but will never return any. The praise of the soldier is not principle with them it is simply hypocritical howl.

CIVIL RIGHTS OF CATHOLIC PRIESTS.

We print on another page says the *Herald*, the full text of a recent decision of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania of great interest to the Catholic clergy of the whole country. Rev. Mr. Stack, pastor of the Church of the Annunciation in Williamsport, was summarily removed from the charge by the Catholic Bishop and forbidden to exercise his priestly functions, without any statement of reasons or opportunity to be heard. Father Stack applied to the local Court of Common Pleas for an injunction against Bisop O'Hara and a decree reinstating him in his pastorate The Common Pleas Judge decided that the action of the Bishop was unlawful, but, acting in a spirit of compromise, declined to reinstate Father Stack. To mark its sense of the illegality of the removal the Court decreed that the Bishop should pay his own costs. Against this decision Bishop O'Hara appealed to the Supreme Court of the State. And that tribunal has decided against him.

The only immediate result of this decision of the court of last resort is that Bishop O'Hara will have to pay not only his share of the costs in the Court below, but the whole cost of the proceedings in appeal. But while the practical result is so narrow the principle involved is of wide application. Had the removal of Father Stack been unlawful it would have been unjust and absurd to saddle the Bishop with any part of the costs. The Supreme Court justifies its decision on the ground that the Bishop had no right to remove a pastor without making any specific charges to which the pastor could reply. If it were a mere ecclesiastical act the State authority could take no cognizance of it; but inasmuch as it affected rights of property it was proper for the courts to inquire whether the rules of the ecclesiastical body have been complied with. "Any rule or proceeding," says the Court, "whereby a man's property is swept away from him without a hearing, trial or judgement, or the opportunity for making known his rights therein, is not according to the law of the land." And further on:—"Without reviewing the conflicting opinions as to the ecclesiastical power of the Bishop, we cannot assent to the doctrine that the pastor's right of property may thus be stricken down and he be prohibited from following his profession without accusation and opportunity for hearing or trial. If it is not contrary to the laws of the Church, which we are not prepared to admit, it is contrary to the supreme law of the land." This decision seems consonant to equity. It places the rights of the Catholic clergy under the broad protection of the civil law if their bishops should attempt to exercise arbitrary or tyrannical power.

It has been officially decided by a Methodist conference in England that no university title or degree shall be recognized by it until the minister who has received it shall show that it has been fairly and honorably obtained. There is room for similar action in this country.

This item we find in an exchange, and we say "amen" to it. In the United States the system of conferring degrees is being run in the ground, to use a common expression, and L. L.D's D. D's, and such like are becoming as numerous as brigadiers during the war when you could scarce throw a stick at a dog but what you would be sure to hit a brigadier.

Degrees are being too freely passed around of late years at our colleges, and many wear them who are scarce above the grade of common school teachers in their literary or theological attainments. These degrees in many instances are obtained in the manner of the politician to obtain a nomination—by ways that are dark.

This is sensible advice from an exchange: "Don't sponge on your neighbor for his paper. Be independent and subscribe at once for yourself."

The ordinary life of a locomotive is thirty years. The Altoona Tribune says that perhaps it would live much longer if it didn't smoke so much. The REPORTER would add that a chimney lives from 40 to 50 years, and might live longer, too, if it did not smoke so much.

A HIGHWAYMAN CAPTURED.—Last week we noticed an offer offer of $50 reward by the Commissioners of Clearfield Co., for the arrest of a man who assaulted and robbed Matthias Hoffman, while traveling from Penfield to Clearfield on the 22d ult. He was arrested last Friday near Laurelton, Union County by Capt. Clark, of Osceola, and confessed to the robbery. He gave his name as Daniel O'Hern. On Saturday he passed through Lock Haven for Clearfield.

Since 1803 the water in the Susquehanna has not been as low as now.

The trial of the legislative bribery cases has been posponed until November 24.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE [illegible] a cotemporary calls "pre-eminently the first of the lady's books," is on our table for November, ahead of all others. It is astonishing how this favorite continues to improve. The present number leads off with a charming steel engraving, "The Little Haymaker," and is followed by one of those double-size steel fashion plates, superbly colored, only seen in this periodical. Then comes a powerful engraving, "The Oriel Window," illustrating a story, and then some fifty wood cuts of dresses, patterns in embroidery, crochet, &c., &c. A pretty love story, "The Prize At Our Archery Club," brilliantly illustrated, follows, and then tales and novelets by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, Mrs. F. Hodgson Burnett, Marietta Holley, Frank Lee Benedict, &c., &c. With this number appears the Prospectos for 1880. A specialty of "Peterson" is a monthly Supplement, given to each subscriber, with a paper pattern for a lady's or child's dress, the patterns alone being worth more than the subscription price. Five Original Novelets will be given in 1880, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett Frank Lee Benedict, &c., &c. A New Feature will be introduced, in a series of brilliantly illustrated stories, and other articles. The price of "Peterson," remember, is but Two Dollars a Year, or less than any other first-class magazine, postage free; to clubs the terms are even lower, viz.: two copies for $3 50, with a superb, copyright mezzotint (size 24 inches by 20) "Washington at Valley Forge," as premium. Or four copies for $6,50, and an extra copy of the magazine itself as premium. Or five copies for $8 00, with both an extra copy and the "Washington at Valley Forge," for premium. For larger clubs the premiums are even more tempting. Now is the time to get up clubs for 1880. Specimens are sent, gratis, if written for. Subscribe to nothing until you have seen a copy of "Peterson." Address Charles J. Peterson, 306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

ADDRESS

OF THE

Chairman of the Democratic County Committee.

To the Democrats of Centre County:

In a short time you will be called upon to choose by the exercise of your right of suffrage, a State Treasurer. The candidates of each party have been nominated and the platforms, upon which they stand, enunciated for some months. A careful study of these platforms, the manner in which they were made, the bold declaration of the one in favor of an honest and pure administration of the affairs of our State, and its strong denunciation of the "attempt to debauch the Legislature by wholesale bribery and corruption on the part of Republican leaders," and the scornful rejection by the other of a resolution denouncing the "corrupt practices in connection with the riot bill," and demanding "honest men in office—men with brains enough to know dishonesty "when they see it, and courage enough "to fight it wheresoever they find it," ought to be a sufficient reason for every man, who desires an honest official, to support the Democratic candidate for State Treasurer. Of our candidate,

DANIEL O. BARR,

others have said, "He is noted for his quickness of intellect, activity in whatever he undertakes, unimpeachable honesty, courteous manners and great kindness of heart.

"Mr. Barr is in all respects a most "creditable candidate for State Treasurer. A trained banker, thoroughly "familiar with our financial system, active, intelligent and faithful in his business relation, and personally blameless "alike in public and private life, his fitness for the responsible trust will not "be questioned by friend or foe."

The *Farmer's Advocate* said: "We "place at the head of the *Advocate* the "name of D. O. Barr, of Allegheny, for "State Treasurer. This we do after knowing that Mr. Barr will under any and "all circumstances, if elected, conserve "the interests of the State and the people, and not rings and cliques—and now "we ask all, without regard to party "affiliations, who cherish public and "private integrity, to prepare to give "Mr. Barr their hearty support."

The same Mr. Barr to whom this testimony is borne was, in early life a laborer on a railroad, afterwards a telegraph operator, and who by diligence, hard labor, honesty and integrity in all his relations has qualified himself well for the high position for which he has been nominated, and to which we hope he shall be elected.

The man who from his past record is most likely to fairly and honestly control the finances of the State, who will be by his integrity, as well as by his high pledges given, above the control and influence of the rings, cliques, and corrupt lobby, is the one who should receive your votes, regardless of what may have been his or your previous party predelictions.

The refusal of the Convention that nominated Mr. Barr's opponent, to denounce "corrupt practices, and endorse the nomination of honest men for office," warrants the conclusion that should he be elected it will be but giving the ring and the lobby control of the treasury of the State.

Rebel Brigadiers, however much our Republican friends may lash themselves into a foam and sweat over them, have nothing to do with the election of a Treasurer in Pennsylvania. The whole question is, *whether you shall have a State Treasurer, for the next two years, who shall honestly administer and scrupulously care for the money of the people that shall pass through his hands*, or whether you shall have for Treasurer a creature of the lobby's convention, and a restoration of all the peculations and evils practiced upon the treasury of the State before the adoption of the Constitution of 1873.

The County Committee has done and will do all it can till the close of the polls on the evening of the 4th of November, to have a full vote polled. Much rests with the individual voter! His patriotism, love of good government, desire for relief from the evils of misrule and bad government should impel him to poll his vote. The commitees in the several districts are urged to be active in the discharge of the duties enjoined upon them. When this is done, let the result be what it may, the Democrats of Centre county will have the proud satisfaction of having discharged their duty to the party and the State.

By order of the committee.

DAVID F. FORTNEY, *Chairman.*

GUNN'S GRIEVAVCES.

The Man Who Murdered His Father is Captured and Confesses.

Boston, October 15.—At nine o'clock last evening Detectives James P. Wade and George H. Innis, while passing through Court street, discovered Henry J. Gunn, who on September 25th brutally murdered his father, Justin L. Gunn, in Bridgewater, this state. The officers immediately took him to the station and cautioned him to be careful what he said, as his words might be used against him. Gunn, who had acknowledged his identity, replied: "I don't care, I want to tell the truth. My side of the story has not been heard yet. I had reason for what I did." His confession was substantially as follows:

On Wednesday, September 24, I was digging potatoes, and after I had got through with my day's work, I put the potatoes in the cellar, wet. Father was mowing that day, and when he came home, at night, he found out that the potatoes were wet, and didn't seem to like it. I spent the evening with a lady friend—one of the neighbors—and getting home about 10 o'clock, father got up and let me in. He commenced to scold. I answered back and he knocked me down. If he had let go at that it would have been all right, but, while I was down, he began to pound me. I got up and reached to the mantlepiece and took a small screwdriver, the size of my finger, but about two feet long, and struck him with it, but he got the best of me and pounded good. I was wild for revenge; and as he rested on the edge of the bed I went out of the dining room door into the passageway, and took a hatchet which I found and came back to the room where he was, holding the hatchet, a heavy one, in my left hand, down, this way (illustrating), by my leg, so that he could not see it. I went in front of father, and when I got past I turned and struck him on the head with it, using both hands, and knocking him so that his head fell toward the head of the bed on which he was sitting; I struck him three or four times; he fell off the bed; I picked him up and laid him on it; he made no noise; I slipped to the back door and gave the hatchet a fling over in the woodpile; I did not cover it up after throwing it; I then went to the chest in the dining room, where I knew father had some money, and broke it open with a screw driver; I took $108—all there was—and his watch, which he always put in that box every night; I had looked in his pocket but could not find the keys to the box; I found keys enough, but not the right ones; after getting the money and watch I found his valise; put my shirts in it and then went to the barn, where I slept on the hay mow until daylight; I got up and fed the horses; drove the cows down the road half a mile to pasture and put them in; I then walked to the Bridgewater depot; I did not go back to the house after I left the night before; I took the 7.40 train for Boston.

The remainder of the confession is a history of his wanderings up to the period of his arrest. He says he is sick of hiding and is ready to take whatever is in store for him.

A STRANGE CORNER OF THE WORLD.

[From the N. Y. Tribune of October 4.]

It may be some time yet before the full significance of the daring voyage of the Vega along the north coast of Asia, with reference to navigation, is fully known. Professor Nordenskjold has not yet reported his views upon that point. He has merely told us a few facts. For instance, he says he has discovered that the coast of Siberia west of the Lena is a vast plain, devoid of trees, in the navigation to which an encounter with impenetrable icefloes is generally to be feared. There are no great islands out to sea there to prevent the wind from driving the ice down toward the land; and there are vast distances where few rivers empty into the Polar Ocean, and, by their warm current, preserve a space of open water along the shore. For several hundred miles in the vicinity of the Lena, however, great rivers pour into the ocean and large islands lie off to the northward, and there is almost no ice along shore. East of the Kolima, toward Behring Strait, there are no great rivers, and although the climate is milder and the woodlands creep down almost to the sea, the frozen floes crowd closer to the shore, and in the fall and winter they are liable to bar the way to shipping. They gave Nordenskjold great trouble, and on the 27th of September they left him enchained in solid ice a few miles from the open water of Behring Strait, and only 130 miles from the strait itself. They kept him there eight weary months. While communicating these facts the daring Swede has not yet published his conclusions thereupon.

If he has left us in the dark in regard to the commercial navigation of the Siberian coast, however, he has at least taken the pains to reveal the interesting nature of the region he has just passed through. When the ice closed in upon the Vega, and left the stout ship enslaved in those northern solitudes, Professor Nordenskjold wrote a letter to Dr. Oscar Dickson, the main contributor toward the fitting out of the expedition, describing the scenes along the cost. The letter, despatched on the 28th of February, has at last reached its destination, and is now published in the London Standard. The letter calls attention, in the first place, to a group of islands which are very remarkable from a scientific point of view. These islands, the New Siberian, open the book of the history of the world at a new place. The ground there is strewn with wonderful fossils. Whole hills are covered with the bones of the mammoth, rhinoceros, horses, uri, bison, oxen, sheep, &c. The sea washes up ivory upon the shores. In this group is possibly to be found the solution of the question of the ancestry of the Indian elephant, and important facts with regard to the vertebrates which existed at the time of man's first appearance upon earth. How came horses and sheep in a region now locked in the fetters of an eternal winter, uninhabited by man, not now supporting animal life in any form, and almost impossible of access? Professor Nordenskjold was unable to solve the question himself, and he suggests that it is of the utmost importance to science to send a light draught steel steamer to those islands for a thorough exploration.

At Cape Schelagskoff the Vega passed the point where the Siberian merchant Schalawroff ended his persistent and intrepid attempts to reach Behring Strait from the River Lena by a lonely death, with his whole company of men in a hut on the snow-clad shore. Upon rounding this cape Nordenskjold met the first natives seen along that whole coast. They spoke a tongue utterly unknown. Not a comprehensible sentence could they utter in any European language. They lived in tents pitched on the sand banks separating the lagoons peculiar to this coast from the sea. A hardy, jovial, handsome race, fur-clad, keen at barter, ignorant of the value of money, and preferring a red flannel shirt, a few brass buttons and the piece of tin foil on a cake of soap to golden rubles and silver coins, they live an active and healthy life, use stone and bone implements, and are without a trace of religion in their customs. Their tents are double, one within the other. The children are totally naked within the inner tent, and were often seen outside, running about on the frozen ground, with the temperature down below 32 degrees. The women wear nothing when within the tents except a girdle, and the men have shaven heads. A remarkable similarity was noticed between the implements, dresses and customs of these people and those of the Esqimaux and North American Indians. These people are the Tschuktschers. Though armed with stone and bone weapons, and though wild and itinerant, they evidently have a history. They drove off the original inhabitants of the region 200 years ago, the Onkilons, whose houses, places of sacrifice, circles of moss-grown bear skulls and weapons are still to be found almost everywhere on the coast. Lieutenant Nordqvist devoted himself to learning their language. These Indians are on the original highway between the cradle of the human race and the home of the aborigines of the northern part of North America, and it is not thought that the resemblance between them and the Greenlanders is accidental. The arrival of the Vega on the Tschulitscher coast was an event like the landing of Columbus in the New World. It was an unprecedente occurrence, and made a sensation throughout the region.

East of the Lena Professor Nordenskjold found on shore no scattered blocks of stone such as are distributed over a continent by glaciers and such as are found elsewhere in Siberia. This fact was held to point to the absence of land out to sea north of that coast, and it excites anticipations as to the possible discoveries which are to be made by the Jeannette. Not the least of the peculiarities of this strange region is the fact that the coast appears to be rising slowly out of the sea. The inhabitants have to shift their villages at times nearer to the edge of the water, which is gradually receding from them. Professor Nordenskjold's letter is full of facts like these, and the scientific world will wait with impatience the further publication of the results of his discoveries.

INDIAN DEPREDATIONS AND SEVERE FIGHTING—FORTY MEN KILLED.

San Francisco, October 16.—A special from Silver Lake, New Mexico, says: "Indians have been committing terrible depredations in the Rio Grande valley and southwest of Fort Cummings. For several days past the people of Colorado have been besieged and fighting since Saturday, and appeal for aid. On Sunday a volunteer company of thirty men, under Capt. John C. Crouch, went from Messilla and Cruces to their aid. They met one hundred Indians, and after a severe fight the volunteers were compelled to fall back. On receipt of the news at Messilla, two companies of eighty men were raised by Colonel Rynersons, composed of the best men in Messilla and valley counties, who were to join Couch to-day at Slocum's and go to Colorado. Two trains were captured yesterday west side of Slocum's. In one of them eleven men, an old woman and child were killed. In the other all the hands escaped. Both trains were scattered; and some of the oxen were killed, and others left standing in yokes. Corpses lie all along the road. The number of people known to have been killed within the past four or five days, aggregate about forty."

VALUABLE BLOODED HORSES BURNED.

Cincinnati, October 19.—A supposed incendiary fire last night destroyed the large barn and outbuildings belonging to Chas. Leggatt, near Springdale, Hamilton Co. Many valuable blooded horses were burned.

OVER 300 PERSONS DROWNED IN THE PROVINCE OF MURCIA.

Madrid, October 16—On the subsidence of the floods in the Province of Murcia thirty dead bodies were found. It is believed over 300 persons perished.

The police estimate the damage at fifteen million pisetas.

Boston, October 16.—The surviving members, veterans of the war of 1812, numbering sixteen, dissolved their association to-day, the infirmities of old age preventing their assembling hereafter.

Camphor Milk cures headache and neuralgia.
Camphor Milk cures rheumatism and lame back.
Camphor Milk cures cuts, bruises and burns.
Camphor Milk costs 25 ct.; 5 bottles $1.
Sold by J. D. Murray, Centre Hall.

ELECTION PROCLAMATION.

GOD SAVE THE COMMONWEALTH.

I, JOHN SPANGLER, High Sheriff of the County of Centre, Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, do hereby make known and give notice to the electors of the County aforesaid, that an election will be held in the said County of Centre

On Tuesday November 4, 1879,

It being the Tuesday following the first Monday of November, (the polls to be opened at seven o'clock A. M., and closed at seven o'clock P. M.), at which time the freeman of Centre County will vote by ballot for the following officers, namely:

One person for the office of State Treasurer of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania;

One person for the office of Jury Commissioner;

One person for the office of Coroner:

I also hereby make known and give notice that the places of holding the aforesaid election in the several Boroughs and Townships within the County of Centre are as follows, to wit:

For the Township of Haines, at the public house of I. D. Boyer (Aaronsburg).

For the Township of Half Moon, at the school house in Stormstown.

For the township of Taylor, at the house erected for that purpose, on the property of Leonard Merryman.

For the township of Miles, in the school house in the town of Rebersburg.

For the township of Potter (Northern precinct), at the public house of D. J. Moyer, in Centre Hall.

For the township of Potter (Southern precinct), at the public house of D. H. Ruhl, at Potter's Mills.

For the Township of Gregg, at the public house owned by J. B. Fisher, Penn Hall.

For the Township of College, in the school house at Lemont.

For the Township of Ferguson (old precinct), in the school house at Pine Grove.

For the Township of Ferguson (new precinct), at the school house at Baileyville.

For the Township of Harris, in the school house at Boalsburg.

For the township of Patton, at the house of Peter Murray.

For the Borough of Bellefonte, and the townships of Spring and Benner, at the Court house in Bellefonte.

For the Township of Walker, in the school house a Hublersburg.

For the Borough and Township of Howard, at the school house of said Borough.

For the Township of Rush, at the Cold Stream school house.

For the township of Snow Shoe, at the school house at Snow Shoe station.

For the township of Marion, at the house of Joel Kling, in Jacksonville.

For the Borough of Milesburg, at the school house in Milesburg.

For the Township of Boggs, at the new school house in Central City.

For the Township of Huston, at the Silver Dale school house.

For the Township of Penn, at the public house of William S. Musser.

For the Borough of Millheim, at the school house opposite the Evangelical church in said Borough.

For the township of Liberty, at the school house at Eagleville.

For the township of Worth at the school house at Port Matilda.

For the township of Burnside, at the house of J. K. Bosk.

For the township of Curtin, at the school house near Robert Mann's.

For the Borough of Unionville and the Township of Union, at the new school house in Unionville.

For the Borough of Philipsburg, in new school house in said Borough.

NOTICE is also hereby given, "That every person excepting the justices of the peace, who shall hold any office or appointment of any profit or trust under the Government of the United States, or of this State, or of any city or incorporated district, whether a commissioned officer or otherwise, subordinate officer or agent who is or shall be employed under the Legislative, Executive, or Judiciary Department of this State, or of the United States, or of any city or incorporated district; and also that every member of Congress or State Legislature, and of the select or common Council of any city, or commissioners of any incorporated district, is by law incapable of holding or exercising, at the same time, the office or appointment fer Judge, Inspector or clerk of any election of this Commonwealth; and that no Inspector, Judge or other officer of any such election, shall be eligible to any office to be then voted for."

Given under my hand and seal, at my office in Bellefonte, this 20th day of September, in the year of our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Seventy-Nine, and in the One Hundred and Third year of the Independence of the United States. JOHN SPANGLER,
Oct. 2, Sheriff of Centre County.

Dyspepsia! Dyspepsia! Dyspepsia!

E. F. Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron, a sure cure for this disease. It has been prescribed daily for many years in the practice of eminent physicians with unparalleled success. Symptoms are loss of appetite, wind and rising of food, dryness in mouth, headache, dizziness, sleeplessness and low spirits. Get the genuine. Not sold in bulk only $1.00 bottles, or six bottles for $5.00. Ask your druggist for E. F. Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron, and if he has it not, send to proprietor, E. F. Kunkel, 259 N. Ninth St., Philadelphia, Pa. Advice free; send three-cent stamp.

WORMS. WORMS. WORMS.

E. F. Kunkel's Worm Syrup never fails to destroy Pin, Seat, and Stomach Worms. Dr. Kunkel, the only successful physician who removes Tape Worm in two hours, alive with head, and no fee until removed. Common sense teaches if Tape Worms be removed all other worms can be readily destroyed. Advice at office and store, free. The doctor can tell whether or not the patient has worms. Thousands are dying daily, with worms, and do not know it. Fits, spasms, cramps, choking and suffocation, sallow complexion, circles around the eyes, swelling and pain in the stomach, restless at night, grinding of the teeth, picking at the nose, cough, fever, itching at the seat, headache, foul breath, the patient grows pale and thin, tickling and irritation in the anus,—all these symptoms, and more, come from worms. E. F. Kunkel's Worm Syrup never fails to remove them. Price, $1 00 per bottle, or six bottles for $5 00. (For Tape Worm, write and consult the doctor.) For all others, buy of your druggist the Worm Syrup and if he has it not, send to Dr. E. F. Kunkel, 259 N. Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Advice by mail, free; send three-cent stamp.
17jul4t

Sellers' Fifty years before the public. Pronounced by all to be the most *pleasant* and *efficacious* remedy *now in use*, for the *cure* of coughs, colds, croup, hoarseness, tickling sensation of the throat, whooping cough, &c. *Over a million bottles sold within the last few years.* Gives immediate relief wherever used, and has had from the cough mixtures now in use. Sold by all druggists at 25c

Syrup! the power to impart benefit that *cannot* be

NEW RICH BLOOD.

Sending health in every fiber of the system is rapidly made by that remarkable preparation, LINDSEY'S IMPROVED BLOOD SEARCHER. For the speedy cure of Scrofula, Wasting, Mercurial Disease, Eruptions, Erysipelas, vital decay, and every indication of impoverished blood. "Lindsey's Blood Searcher is the one remedy that can always be relied upon. Druggists sell it.

Aug. 7.
R. E. Sellers & Co., Prop'rs, Pittsburgh, Pa.
For sale by D. J. Murray, Centre Hall. my

If it is not convenient for you to call in person, send for SAMPLES of whatever you may need in DRY GOODS, to the DISTRIBUTING CENTRE, at Eighth and Market Streets, Philadelphia.

THE LARGEST RETAIL STOCK OF DRY GOODS in the State of Pennsylvania is there shown and distributed among consumers at the smallest possible advance on manufacturers' prices.

Consumers of all descriptions of Dry Goods:—SILKS, DRESS GOODS, BLACK GOODS, HOSIERY AND UNDERWEAR, LINEN GOODS, BLANKETS, FLANNELS, MUSLINS, LADIES' SUITS, SHAWLS, CLOAKS, ETC., ETC., should not fail to avail of the advantages assured to all who deal with

STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER,

EIGHTH AND MARKET STREETS,
PHILADELPHIA.

For the coming
Fall and Winter
TRADE
WE ARE FULLY PREPARED.
Now is the Time!
Select Your Goods
FROM
FRESH,
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GENTS' FRENCH CALF BOOTS AND GAITERS
MADE TO ORDER

A LARGE STOCK OF
Sole Leather,
Calf-Skins, Kips,
ETC., ETC.,
At Bottom Prices.
E. GRAHAM & SON.
Dec5 Bellefonte, Pa.

Guaranteed Investments.

By our Insurance System of Investments in Stock Operations we insure indemnity from loss. No "Marginal" or "Privilege plans. Investments received in sums of $25.00 and upward. Correspondence from stock operators solicited. Address,
DAMIS MAYNARD & CO., 56 Broadway, N. Y.
Oct. 2 4t.

GEO. BELL.

Tailor and Renovator, has located at Centre Hall, where he will be happy to meet the wants of all desiring clothes made in the Latest style and most Approved Fashion. Fits guaranteed. He will also clean and restore faded clothes and make them look good as new. Has a choice lot of samples. Cutting promptly attended to. Prices low. Room No. 1 over the Bank.

GRANT'S TOUR

AROUND THE WORLD.

A complete record of the journey of Gen. U. S. GRANT, through England, Ireland, Scotland, France, Spain Germany, Austria, Italy, Belgium, Switzerland, Russia, Egypt, India, China and Japan, and a full account of his arrival and reception at San Francisco, with a graphic description of the places visited, manners and customs of the countries, interesting incidents, enthusiastic orations by Emperors, Kings, and the people of all climes, richly embellished with several hundred artistic illustrations; also a fine handsome steel engraved portrait of Gen. Grant. Sure success to all who take hold; will positively outsell all books. Lose no time. AGENTS WANTED to sell this, the cheapest, the best, and the only authentic low-priced book on the subject. 900 pages. Price $3.25. The s

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

Centre Hall, Pa, Th'rsd. Oct. 23, '79.

TERMS.—$2 *per year, when paid in advance; $2.50 when not paid in advance. Advertisements 20cts per line for three insertions, and 5 cents per line for every subsequent insertion. Advertisements by the year at a liberal discount.*

Subscribers outside the county should remit us 10 cts, amount of one year's postage, instead of 20cts as formerly when paid by themselves.

Subscribers can always tell how their accounts stand at the Reporter office by consulting the lables on their papers. If the lable reads "John Roe 1 jan '79" it means that John is indebted for subscription from the 1st of January, 1878, and that it is time he was paying the printer.

LOCAL ITEMS.

A CARD TO THE PUBLIC.—Having sold my good will and part of my stock of ready made clothing to a firm in Philadelphia, to which I have to give possession of my store room by Jan. 1, 1880. I now offer my stock of ready made clothing at actual cost and freight. This is an excellent chance for a good bargain.

Respectfully,

16oct2m J. NEWMAN, JR.

——Next meeting of the Huntingdon Presbytery will be held at Bellefonte.

——Hagg of the Pleasant Gap hotel will celebrate his silver wedding on 13 Nov. We will take beer, Gotlieb.

——Of the 1000 shares of Mifflinburg Nat. Bank steck, Wm. Young owns 931 shares.

——Cancer threatens the life of Walter Graham, of Milroy.

Mr. Graham has died since the above was in type.

——Read card of D. H. Ruhl, Auctioneer, experienced in crying sales.

——Just think of it, housekeepers, you can get a peck of nice sweet potatoes at Sechler's for 20 cents.

——Mr. Charles Mann, of Reedsville, died beginning of this week.

——Had some light rain showers on Saturday, not enough, however, to effect the waters. It has been cool since, with intimation to rain on Tuesday.

——Wm. Wolf, of the old Centre Hall stand, is now in the east buying a stock of fall goods, some of which will arrive by end of this week. Hold up, then, until Wolf gets his goods, and you will be astonished at his assortment.

——The Y. M. C. A. has changed its time of meeting to half past three, Sunday afternoon. As this is a more convenient hour it is hoped the members will attend better than heretofore.

——Mr. Uriah Spangler, of Kansas, in company with his sister, Mrs. Ben. Gramley, of Kane county, Ill., both formerly of Brushvalley, are on a visit to their old home and friends, and called upon us too. They have been residing in the west from 8 to 10 years, and speak favorably of the country.

——The handsome buggy which attracted so much attention at our county fair, has already been disposed of by the manufacturer, Mr. Lee and he had orders for others. Good workmen, fine finish and low prices, at Lee's shops.

——Now, while it is yet time, and before he leaves his stand, is the time to get your Clothing for the winter at Newman's Eagle Clothing Hall. He sold cheap heretefore, but now is selling off cheaper than ever, for about cost and carrisge. The time for buying of Newman is short, don't miss it, when he has quit the Clothing business it may be too late and you will be sure to regret your mistake.

——A son of John Foote, of Millheim, met with a sad accident, one day last week. The boy was at Mifflinburg on a visit and fell from a hickory tree, sustaining injuries that were feared would be fatal.

Since writing the above we learn that the boy died the day after the accident, and his body was brought home to Millheim.

——Buggies and Spring Wagons made of the best material and well finished, always on hand and for sale at Levi Murray's Coach Shops. All kinds of repairing done on the shortest notice.

——Prof. Phillipipi, we learn from the Watchman, while hanging by his toes from the rope as he made a balloon ascension at Bedford on 8, his hold slipped and he fell 25 feet to the earth, and was badly hurt.

——Maj. J. B. Fisher, of Penn Hall, is at present in the City for the purpose of buying his fall and winter stock of Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes, Ready Made Clothing, and in fact everything usually kept in a well regulated store. He expects to buy a large stock and sell at the lowest prices. He will be ready to open up his goods by next Saturday. Give him a call before purchasing elsewhere.

——Esq. Reinhart, of Haines, can take the premium for big corn. He has a half acre of mammoth corn, some of which measures 15 feet from ground to top, and 75 feet the ears. The squire is a good old democrat, and it will wax any repub to get ahead of him in the corn line.

——Haines township is noted for sure crops and good farmers. Its wheat crop this year was the best in the county, and its corn crop is also large, as a sample we mention that of Wm. Bower, who raised 2000 bushels corn from 17 acres. Warren, a son of his, aged 12 years, husked 76 bushels of corn in one day. Who can beat that?

——Harper's Magazine for November contains eight or ten illustrated articles of considerable artistic merit. In fact, an article unaccompanied by pictures is the exception and not the rule in this excellent periodical. We commend to the reader's notice, "The Old National Pike," "Early American Art," "The Mimicry of Nature," and "The Cattle Ranches of Colorado."

——The best evidence of the satisfaction rendered by the buggies manufactured at Lee's Centre Hall shops, is the fact that he is constantly receiving orders from a distance. His work is fast recommending itself.

——One of the sweetest songs we have heard this many a day, is entitled *We Shall meet all the Little Ones There.* Words and music by Will L. Thompson, of East Liverpool, Ohio. Although all our little ones are graciously spared in the editorial home, we must confess to a breakdown in tears when trying to sing these touching words.

——CAMPHOR MILK—Dr. Oberholtzer's Liniment has been tested by thousands, and has proved to be of the highest value to the community. It has effected many cures in Rheumatism, Sores, Swellings, Sprains and Frosted Feet, and many persons recommend it for Cuts, Galls and Swellings in horses. It costs 25 cents. Sold by J. D. Murray. 9oct 4t

——Go to your store or druggist and get a bottle of Frank P. Green's compound syrup of tar, honey and bloodroot, the best remedy out for a cough, cold, croup, asthma, or early stage of consumption.

Phœnix Pectoral will cure your cough.
Phœnix Pectoral cures hoarseness quickly.
Phœnix Pectoral tastes good and brings rest.
Phœnix Pectoral costs 25 cts; 6 bottles $1.
Sold by J. D. Murray, Centre Hall.

——500 bushels Apples wanted at Grenoble's store in trade.

We Are Here! With Health and Economy for You! by a process Entirely New, with our FEATHER and HAIR RENOVATOR. Beds and Matresses cleansed by the joint action of steam and COLD AIR, dried by draught, carrying the dampness out, NOT BAKING DRY. No possible injury done to feathers. The bed is made pure and healthy, preventing disease, and an astonishing increase in size. Moths, parasites and the absorbed perspiration and all foreign matter removed from old and new feathers.

Ten Renovated 322 packages at Millheim—will publish names in next Reporter. Have now opened up at Centre Hall. Entire satisfaction guaranteed.

S. C. CORBIN.

——At the special term held at Bellefonte last week, Judge Orvis on the bench, to try the case of Pruner & Burley vs. Houtz heirs, the jury rendered a verdict in favor of the defendants. The nature of the case we find given in the Republican as follows: A special court commenced on Monday to try an action of ejectment, by the above parties, in which there are about six hundred and ninety acres of land involved, including the most of what is now built on by the town of Houtzdale, in Clearfield county. It appears that Pruner and Burley located a warrant for this land in 1859. The Houtz heirs had possession. A suit was brought before Judge Linn, in the Clearfield court, and won by the plaintiffs. Because a juror had roomed with one of the surveyors during the trial, Judge Linn granted a new trial. At the second trial in the Clearfield court, after the testimony had been taken and the case submitted to the jury, the plaintiffs took a nonsuit.

Subsequently the property was sold to Samuel C. Smith, of New Jersey, who brought suit in the United States district court, before Judge McCandless, at Pittsburg. The defendants won in this suit, after which Pruner and Burley became the owners and brought suit, and by change of venue from Clearfield county they are now contesting their claims. Hon. Geo. Jenks, of Brookville, and General James A. Beaver are attorneys for plaintiffs, and United States Senator Wallace, of Clearfield, and Senator Alexander are for the defendants.

——Mr. George Homan died at the home of one of his children, in Ferguson township, last Friday. He was formerly of Aaronsburg, and blind of late years. He was no doubt one of the oldest citizens of our county, being 90 years and 4 months and 27 days of age.

——The best dried beef in the world, also all kinds of canned and dried fruits just fresh, at Sechler's famous grocery.

——Senator Alexander has our thanks for copy of General Laws, Handbook, and other doc's.

——A better and more graceful buggy top cannot be made than those you see at the Coach Shops of Levi Murray ,at Centre Hall, Pa.

——In the matter of drugs, medicines, prescriptions, &c, it is of the greatest importance that you always apply to an old and experienced druggist. Hence go to Frank Green's, the oldest drug establishment in the county, and the most complete—all fresh and pure goods.

LIST OF DEMOCRATIC MEETINGS.

POTTER—Loop School House, Monday evening, Oct. 27, 1879. To be addressed by D. F. Fortney and W. A. Morrison.

Centre Hall, Saturday evening, Nov. 1, 1879. To be addressed by Hon's C. T. Alexander and S. R. Peale.

MILES—Town Hall, Madisonburg, Tuesday evening, October 28, 1879. To be addressed by Hon. C. T. Alexander and W. C. Heinle.

Brumgard's School House, Wednesday evening, October 29, 1879. To be addressed by J. L. Spangler and W. F. Reeder.

Rebersburg, Thursday evening, October 30, 1879. To be addressed by Maj. R. H. Forster and D. F. Fortney.

HAINES—Hosterman's School House, To be addressed by W. F. Reeder and J. L. Spangler.

PENN—Millheim, Friday evening, Oct. 31, 1879. To be addressed by Hon's C. T. Alexander and S. R. Peale.

GREGG—Penn Hall, Wednesday evening, October 29, 1879. To be addressed by Hon. C. T. Alexander and W. C. Heinle.

FERGUSON—Pine Hall School House, Saturday evening, October 25, 1879. To be addressed by D. F. Fortney, W. C. Heinle, J. L. Spangler and Geo. R. Barrett.

SPORTSMEN.—I have an excellent stock of BREECH LOADING SHOTGUNS, also Muzzle loaders, which were bought at very low prices. Sportsmen wishing to invest, had better do so now, as the tendency is upwards. All kinds of goods for sportsmen on hand, at the Gunstore of

THEO. DESCHNER,
28oct 3m Bellefonte.

——HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE.—The undersigned offers his property at Centre Hall at private sale. The lot is favorably located, with choice fruit, and water convenient. The house is new, two-story, with seven rooms; other outbuildings. Terms very easy. Apply to.

WM. A. CURRY,
23 Oct. 4t. Centre Hall.

PENN HALL ACADEMY.—The directors of the Penn Hall Academy have unanimously elected Wm. P. Hosterman A. B. principal of said institution for the winter term. He is a graduate of Franklin and Marshal College and comes highly recommended by the faculty of that well known institution. The Academy will be opened on the 27th of October 1879. 2t

——SCHOOL TAX NOTICE.—The taxpayers of Potter township are hereby notified that the school duplicate is in the hands of the undersigned. On all tax paid into his hands before 1st of December there will be a deduction of 5 per cent., from Dec. 1 to Jan. 1, 1880, there will be no deduction, and after Jan. 1, there will be 5 per cent. added to all unpaid schooltax, in accordance with the act of Assembly. JOSEPH CROTZER,
16oct 2m Treasurer.

——Persons wishing a good article of Brandy, Whiskey, Gin or Wine for medicinal purposes, can be accommodated at the Centre Hall Drug Store. All of the very best flavoring extracts for family use, such as Lemon, Vanilla, Sarsaparilla, Pine Apple, Rose, Bitter Almond, &c., are kept in stock and offered for sale. Persons wishing anything usually kept in a well regulated Drug store, will please call on me, and you will find my stock full and complete. Night and Sunday customers are always waited upon with pleasure.
16oct3m J. D. MURRAY.

——Owing to the large edition, increased size, double frontpieces, etc., of the November numbers of SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY and ST. NICHOLAS, it has been found necessary to appoint the day of issue later than usual. SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY (edition 100,000) will be ready October 22d. It will be "an agricultural number," containing half a dozen papers of the highest interest to farmers and others interested in rural life, besides a portrait and copp of bass-relief of Bayard Taylor, and the beginning of a new serial story by George W. Cabe. ST. NICHOLAS, permanently enlarged, printed on heavier paper, with wider margins, and having many special attractions, will be issued on the 25th. New volumes of both magazines are begun with these numbers. SCRIBNER & CO., New York.

Over two hundred barrels of water are carted through Corsicanna, Texas, daily and sold.

We have no hesitation whatever in recommending Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup for children teething or suffering from Wind Colic, Diarrhœa or Dysentery.

Troy, N. Y., October 15.—Mrs. Talmadge, of Stillwater, exploded a kerosene lamp last night while blowing out the flame, and was burned to death.

Memphis, October 15.—Ten cases in all to-day. Four additional deaths. Two new cases reported at Forest City, Arkansas.

Torpid Liver and Kidneys poison the blood. Kidney-Wort revives them and cleanses the system.

There still names on our list in arrears 2, 3, 4 years and over—these would oblige by a remittance in part at least.

There is a deficit in Russia's treasury accounts.

The people of Colorado say the Utes must go.

There has been a destructive fire at Samarcand, Turkistan.

Six prisoners have escaped from the East Cambridge, Mass., jail.

Inundations are destroying much property and many lives in Spain.

Four thousand Afghans recently attacked the British camp and were repulsed.

WESTERN LETTER.

ED. REPORTER:—In my last letter I spoke concerning my trip through Michigan, and will now direct my attention to a visit among Pennsylvanians in Illinois. After spending a very pleasant time in Michigan and seeing many of its attractions, I took a steamer on St. Joe river for St. Joseph, a town on Lake Michigan. Here the large quantities of fruit and the passengers are transferred to two large steamers which cross the lake to Chicago by night. To cross the lake in one of these fine steamers is simply grand, when the weather is favorable; and no one coming to this country should fail to take this delightful trip. After arriving in the great city of the lakes, I concluded to spend a short time in seeing the pricipal places of interest. It would not be feasible to attempt a description of the commercial metropolis of the Northwest, as many of your readers are already familiar with its extensive industries. Tired with the hum of business, I sought a more quiet retreat among Centre county people. Will Co. is principally settled by Pennsylvanians, many of whom came from Potter twp. I was greatly surprised to find so many from Centre Co., many of whom came west about eleven years ago. It may be of interest to know some of the families living in this section, I will, therefore, mention T. J. Neese, Peter Jordan, Andrew Metzler, Henry Seltzer, Edward Mersinger, Miles Miller, Father Miller, Father Gise, Jacob Gise, James Love and Henry Lingle. These families live only a few miles apart, in a beautiful and healthy country, all enjoying a fair degree of health. We were sorry to learn that Father Miller's sight is rapidly falling, but the disease is of such a nature that his sight can be restored by an optical operation. These Pennsylvanians are engaged in agriculture, and with a few exceptions own the farms they cultivate. Father Gise, Peter Jordan and Henry Seltzer each own as fine a farm as can be found in the county. Will Co. is mostly prairie land and the soil productive Corn, oats and rye are the principal products. Very little wheat is raised here; many of the farmers buy their flour for family use. I never saw finer corn or more of it than is raised in this county. Cornfields range from twenty to one hundred acres. Corn-husking lasts several months, and some do not finish before spring. The cattle feed all winter in the cornfields, thus save the work of cutting the corn in the fall.

The country is laid out in sections—six hundred and forty acres. All roads running in the same direction are parallel and a mile apart, thus the north and south reads are intersected at right angles by those running east and west. Timber is scarce, most of it growing along the streams. Farmers burn corn cobs all year as fuel. Most of the farmers have the common board fence, but wire fences are now put up all over the state. Notwithstanding the scarcity of timber the dwelling houses are equal to those of Centre Co., where timber is abundant. The barns are mere sheds to shelter the cattle. Illinois has abundant railroad facilities; a new road is surveyed and built in a few month's time, of course the expenses for building one here are much less than in Pennsylvania; but above all, there is more energy in the western people. Illinois, with its many agricultural and other advantages, bids fair to become one of the leading states in the Union. The people of Illinois manifest considerable interest in education. The common school house may be found all over the country and ample provisions are made for the instruction of all children. The school year consists of two parts, a summer and winter term, making from six to ten months. Christianity is keeping pace with the advancements of this state. Churches of various denominations are erected all over the country, as well as in the towns; many were erected the present year. This indicates that Ingersoll's doctrines do not meet with much success, even in his own state. Considering Illinois in all its advantages and disadvantages, I would conclude it to be a desirable country.

D. J. MITTELING.

A TERRIBLE STORY.

Another terrible narrative of the atrocities under cover of the "state of siege" has just reached us from Geneva, where a journal is published in the Russian language, called the Obschtschaje Djelo, and edited by Michael Dragomanow, an ex-professor of the Kiew University. This paper, although inscribed in the Russian Index Expurgatorius, finds its way across the frontier, in spite of that circumstance, with the utmost regularity. In its issue of the 24th ult., it prints a lengthy statement made by Olimpiada Kafiero, formerly a provincial schoolmistress in Russia, detailing the manner of her treatment at the hands of the "Third Section." Early in the year 1877 Mile. Kafiero opened a school in the district of Wyschnyi-Wolotschok, belonging to the Twer government, and taught the peasant children for two consecutive years without exacting any school fees from their parents. On the 16th of last June she was arrested without any previous warning and thrown into prison. Her narrative from this date may best be recounted in her own words. She writes as follows:—

"After I had lain for a few days in the jail of Wyschnyi-Wolotschok, the Governor of Twer, Sorow, entered my cell one morning and acquainted me with cause of my arrest and imprisonment. According to his statement my offences consisted in having imparted instruction to peasant children, which is only permitted to male teachers, and in having, fifteen years ago, been seen in a boat with several students. For having committed these crimes it was the intention of the authorities to send me across the frontier. From Wyschnyi-Wolotschok I was conveyed to St. Petersburg, where I remained for a whole week in jail; thence was transported by rail, with fifty other prisoners, to Wilna railway station we were all marched late at night to the prison, where, admission being refused to us on account of the lateness of the hour, we were compelled to stand all night long in an open courtyard under incessant torrents of rain. Next day we were led into a totally dark corridor and subjected to an examination of our clothes and persons. The women, of whom I was one, were searched and stripped by gendarmes, who committed the vilest atrocities upon us. When any one of us ventured to protest against their abominable outrages she was struck and kicked with such brutal violence that blood followed the blows and kicks. This so-called 'visitation' of the women lasted several hour, amid the laughter and mockery of the soldiers. I fell into a deep swoon under their atrocious cruelties, and when I came to my senses I found myself lying on the stone floor, between two fallen women imprisoned for theft, who were doing their best to revive and comfort me in my affliction. Shortly afterward we were handcuffed and carried off to Kowno. At the expiration of a horrible week we were again handcuffed and marched off from Kowno on foot. A three days' march, in frightfully bad weather, brought us to Marianpol. My feet were covered with wounds, my shoes full of blood. During the journey I had repeatedly complained of my sufferings to our escort, and piteously begged to be allowed to rest, as I could go no further. Their only answer was 'Then we must drive you, you ——!' At Marianpol I was taken to the station master, as I could hardly stand, that he might decide whether I should proceed on foot or be sent on by rail. I showed him my bleeding feet and implored his mercy. All he said was, 'You have managed to walk for three days and you will have to hold out for the fourth.' On the fourth day we reach Wolkowyski, more dead than alive, whence we were to be conveyed across the frontier into Prussia. Meanwhile they locked us up in a guard house, men an women all in one room. There was neither bench nor stool—no, not even a wisp of straw to lie down upon. We had to stretch ourselves out, all together, as best we might, on the damp and filthy clay floor. The stench and vermin were intolerable, quite beyond description. during the night they turned in among us all the prostitutes picked up by the police in the public streets, as well as drunkards thieves, and a stark-naked madman. Some of the prisoners at once commenced worrying and irritating this unfortunate lunatic, who began to foam at the mouth and struck out in every direction, knocking us about with the most savage fury. From this den of inconceivable horrors I contrived to get a letter conveyed to General Gourko, who promptly sent an order to the Prison Inspector that I was to be forthwith transported to the Prussian frontier. At Eydtkuhnen I was handed over to the Prussian police, who at once set me at liberty. I travelled straight to Paris, and thence to Geneva, where I slowly recovered my health, and now write this my miserable story."

A TERRIBLE HURRICANE AT MADRID SPAIN.

Several Cities Flooded.

Madrid, October 17.—A hurricane, on Tuesday night, was accompanied by heavy rains, which overflowed the rivers Mundo and Segura, and flooded the populous and fertile valley, The cities of Larca, Orihuela, Murcia and Crevillente, and a large number of villages between Murcia, Alicante and Cartagina, were more or less injured. The rivers rose suddenly several yards during the night, and the inhabitants were compelled to fly without saving any property. The streams are covered with wrecks of farm houses, agricultural implements; dead cattle and some human corpses. Soldiers and marines have been sent by train from the nearest stations to the scene of the disaster. The churches and public buildings are occupied by thousands of fugitives. The telegraph lines were destroyed between Madrid Aurcia, Arihuela, Alicante and Albacete. The same storm also partially flooded Malaga and interrupted telegraph and railway communication even as far as Huelva and Seville. The Spanish cabinet met yesterday to decide upon measures of relief for the sufferers by the disaster.

Madrid, October 17.—The floods in Murcia continue. One hundred and nineteen corpses have been recovered. Four villages are in ruins and thousands of peasants are wholly destitute.

1,000 PERSONS LOSE THEIR LIVES BY THE LATE FLOODS IN SPAIN.

2,000 Houses destroyed and the Loss $6,000,000.

Madrid, October 19.—Further inundations have occurred in the Provinces of Almeria, Malaga and Alicante. Several persons were killed and much damage was done to property. In the Malaga and Alicante districts two thousand houses were destroyed and it is believed five hundred persons perished by the floods. The damage to property is estimated at thirty million francs.

Later—A telegram from Marcia states that five hundred and seventy bodies have already been found. It is believed over one thousand people have perished.

REV. A. TRIPNER, PASTOR OF THE U. B. CHURCH, DUNCANNON, COMMITS SUICIDE BY HANGING.

The Rev. A. Tripner was found hanging by the neck in Manchester borough on the 14th day. He was staying with his brother-in-law, Henry Everhart. On the night previous to his death there was apparently nothing the matter with him. He rested well and at five o'clock yesterday morning arose and went down stairs for a drink of water, returning in a moment or two. About a half hour after that his wife left the room without the least intimation of anything being wrong. After breakfast she returned to her chamber, and to her surprise found her husband missing, and at once began a search. Her little niece came to her assistance, and noticing the door way leading to the attic open, they ascended the stairs and were horrified to find Mr. Tripner hanging by the neck. After his wife had left the room he cut a rope from the bed and went quietly up the stairs. Here he looped the cord around his neck and fastened the other end to a beam. By bending his knees he allowed himself to hang by the neck until life was extinct. All was done without noise enough to arouse the least suspicion on the part of the unsuspecting wife, who was calmly eating her breakfast at the time of the tragic death of her husband.

Mr. Tripner was pastor of the United Brethern church at Duncannon, Perry Co. He married Miss Catharine Lobaugh, of Carlisle, who died about three years ago, leaving no children. Less than four weeks ago the minister was married to Miss Ella Everhart at Manchester. Several days after their marriage Mr. Tripner went to his charge at Duncannon, but on account of an attack of malarial fever he was confined to his room and was unable to resume his pastoral duties. He did not return to Manchester until Tuesday, and when he arrived he was suffering considerably. He complained that his memory was failing him. His wife devoted her entire attention to him, and the day before his death he appeared much better. He undoubtedly committed suicide in a fit of momentary insanity, brought on by sickness. Mr. Tripner was buried on Saturday.

A two year old at San Francisco ran three-quarters of a mile in 1½ seconds.

Last week there were 59 new cases of yellow fever at Memphis and 31 deaths, making a grand total of 456.

Fifty million Dollars is the sum of the specie received from Europe since the year began.

In a fight over an insult to a woman at Middletown, New York, George Johnson killed.

Nathan A Green, a Syracuse wife murderer, has been sentenced to be hanged on December 12.

Operations against the Utes have been suspended and negotiations for peace are now in progress.

The daughter of Wm. B. Mann, of Philadelphia, has been divorced from her husband, F. F. Brightly.

——Wm. Beck, PianoTuner, Bellefonte. Charges reasonable.

MARKETS.

Philadelphia, October 20.—Flour steady and inactive; superfine $4 50@5; extra, $5 50@6. Wheat quiet; No. 2 western red $1.44; Pennsylvania red $1.41; amber, $1 44 Corn firm yellow, 63c; mixed 63c. Oats Pennsylvania white, 46@47c; western white 44@45c; Rye Pennsylvania 96c.

CHICAGO.

Chicago, October 20.—Wheat unsettled, opened weak No. 1 Chicago spring $1 25@1 26; No. 2 do., $1 19 for cash; Corn 46c for cash and October; Oats 30c for cash; Barley 82c.

CATTLE MARKET.

Philadelphia, October 20.—Cattle—Market active; prime 5½c; good 5c; medium 4½c; common 3c. Sheep fairly active; prime 5@5½c, good 4½@4½c; medium 3½@3½c; common 3½@3½c. Lambs—Market active prime 5½@6c, good 5½@5½c, medium 4½@5c; common 3@4½c. Hogs—Market active; prime 6½c; good, 6½c; medium, 6c; common 6½c.

Spring Mills Market.

Wheat No1 $1.40
Wheat No 2 $1,35
Rye, 70c.
Corn, ears, per bu. new, .40c
Oats, 30c.
Buckwheat, 50c.
Cloverseed, $4.00 to $4 50
Chop, per ton, $20.00.
Plaster, ground per ton, $10.00
Flour, per bbl $6.00
Barley 50 to 70c.
Butter, 15c.
Tallow, 6c.
Lard, 6c.
Ham, 12c.
Shoulders, 6c.
Eggs per doz., 15c.
Tub washed wool 30c.

Coal, Retail.	By Car, Gross.
Egg, $4 65	$4 50
Stove, $5 00	$4 75
Chestnut, $4 50	$4 35
Pea, $3 00	$2 90

D. H. Rhule.

AUCTIONEER—Potters Mills. Years of experience in other parts of the state enable him to guarantee the utmost satisfaction as an Auctioneer. Vendues cried at reasonable charges, A share of the public patronage kindly solicited.

23 oct. 4m.

J. NEWMAN, JR

KING CLOTHIER AND MERCHANT TAILOR,

Is Selling	His Stock Of	Ready Made Clothing	At Cost and Freight.
Is Selling	His Stock Of	Ready Made Clothing	At Cost and Freight.
Is Selling	His Stock Of	Ready Made Clothing	At Cost and Freight.
Is Selling	His Stock Of	Ready Made Clothing	At Cost and Freight.

As he is quitting the Clothing Trade to go into the Dry Goods Business. This is no sham, but a square and honest transaction.

CLOTHING MADE TO ORDER BY FIRST-CLASS TAILORS CHEAPER THAN ANYWHERE ELSE IN PENNSYLVANIA.

DIED.

At Pleasant Gap, Mr. Joseph Miller, aged 65 years.

In Georges Valley, Oct. 20, Alice Gensel daughter of Sam'l Gensel, aged 10 years and 7 months.

MARRIED.

On 12, Mr. J. W. Ferer of Boalsburg and Mrs. Sarah Weber of Haines.

Oct. 9, 1879, Mr. John L. Dunlap and Miss Margaret Shutt, both of Benner township.

Oct. 12, Mr. David Dunlap to Miss Maggie Parsons, both of Julian Furnace, Pa.

Mr. James A. Weaver, of Marion township, to Miss Felinda J. DeLong, of Curtin twp.

On October 7, Pine Glen, Mr. Wm. Craft, to Miss Anna Dixson.

Oct. 12, 1879, Mr. Elmer Ellsworth Heverly of Howard, to Miss Lucy Anna Haines, Daughter of Peter Haines, Esq., of Mount Eagle.

At the residence of John Shannon Esq., in Centre Hall, Oct. 5, 1879, by Rev. S. G. Shannon, John Keesigle to Miss Barbra Albright both of Potters Mills Centre Co.

At the Lutheran Parsonage in Milroy Oct, 9th 1879 by Rev. S. G. Shannon Wm. H. Working to Miss Rebecca J. Strong both of Centre Hill, Centre Co. Pa.

At the Lutheran parsonage, Oct. 21, by Rev. W. E. Fischer, Mr. Henry K. Harshberger and Lydia Confer, both of near Centre Hall, Pa.

If You Want to be Strong, Healthy and vigorous, take E. F. Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron. No language can convey an adequate idea of the immediate and a most miraculous change produced taking E. F. Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron in the diseased, debilitated, and shattered nervous system. Whether broken down by excess, weak by nature, or impaired by sickness, the relaxed and unstrung organization is restored to perfect health and vigor. Sold only in $1.00 bottles, or six bottles for $5.00. Ask your druggist for E. F. Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron and take no other. If he has it not, send to proprietor, E. F. Kunkel, No. 259 N. Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Advice free, send three-cent stamp.

WORMS. WORMS. WORMS.

E. F. Kunkel's Worm Syrup never fails to destroy Pin, Seat, and Stomach Worms. Dr. Kunkel, the only successful physician who removes Tape Worm in two hours, alive with head, and no fee until removed. Common sense teaches if Tape Worms be removed all other worms can be readily destroyed. Advice at office and store, free. The doctor can tell whether or not the patient has worms. Thousands are dying daily with worms, and do not know it. Fits, spasms, cramps, choaking and suffocation, sallow complexion, circles around the eyes, swelling and pain in the stomach, restless at night, grinding of the teeth, picking at the nose, cough, fever, itching at the seat, headache, foul breath, the patient grows pale and thin, tickling and irritation in the anus—all these symptoms, and more, come from worms. E. F. Kunkel's Worm Syrup never fails to remove them. Price, $1.00 per bottle, or six bottles for $5.00. (For Tape Worm write and consult the Doctor.) For all others, buy of your druggist the Worm Syrup, and if he has it not, send to Dr. E. F. Kunkel, 259 North Ninth St., Philadelphia, Pa. Advice by mail, free; send three cent stamp. 16,7i4t

ORPHAN'S COURT SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

—The undersigned will offer at public sale on the premises at Potter's Mills, on

Saturday, Nov. 1. 1879,

at 1 o'clock, p. m., the following real estate, of Miss Molly B. Brisbin, dec'd, viz: A lot of ground, containing 6 ACRES, thereon erected a two-story dwelling, store-house, stable and other outbuildings, with an orchard and a spring of never failing water.

TERMS.—One third of purchase money on confirmation of sale, balance in two annual payments thereafter, to be secured by bond and mortgage.

B. D. BRISBIN,
Oct. 16, 3t. Adm'r.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of a writ of Venditioni Exponas, issued out of the court of Common Pleas of Centre county, and to me directed, there will be exposed at Public Sale, in Aaronsburg, on Thursday, October 30, A. D., at one o'clock, P. M., the following described Real Estate of the defendant, to wit:

All that certain lot or piece of ground situate in the village of Aaronsburg, Centre county, Penn'a, bounded and described as follows: On the North by turnpike, on the West by an alley and lands of Bobb, on the South by lands of H. A. Mingle, and on the East by lands of Wirtz, containing two acres more or less, thereon erected a two story frame house, stable and other outbuildings. Seized, taken in execution, and to be sold as the property of Adam F Winkelblech.

JOHN SPANGLER,
16oct 3t Sheriff.

PUBLIC SALE!—Will be held at the late residence of Michael Hettinger, deceased in Gregg twp., on Saturday, Oct. 25, the following property will be sold: Two head work horses, three cows, nine head of young cattle, seven shoats, eight head of sheep, one Wooster Clover Huller and Thresher, with Power, one Hay Fork with Rope and Pulleys. Four tons hay Two Plantation Wagons, two Wert Plows, one Sulky Cultivator, two Corn Cultivators, one Corn-sheller, one Corn Scraper, one Pair of Bob-sleds, one Log Jumper, also Buckeye Reaper and Mower and other farming utensils too numerous to mention, together with a lot of Household and Kitchen Furniture. Sale to commence at one o'clock, when terms will be made known by

AMELIA HETTINGER,
M. L. RISHEL,
Administrators.

REAL ESTATE AT PRIVATE SALE.—The undersigned offer at private sale, a tract of land situated in the Loop, in Potter twp., containing

FOUR HUNDRED ACRES,

more or less, Fifty acres of which are cleared, and the balance well timbered. There are on the premises a good FRAME HOUSE, a Log Barn, a SPRING OF NEVER-FAILING WATER, THREE ORCHARDS, and an excellent SITE FOR SAW MILL with good water power.

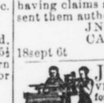
100 or 200 acres, with improvements will be sold separate if desired. The balance will be sold in timber lots of 20, 30, or 50 acres, or the whole tract will be sold together at a low price and on easy terms.

For further information address,

A. S. KERLIN, Lewistown, Pa.,
or A. A. KERLIN, McAlevy's Fort, Pa.
14 aug tf

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of Samuel Royer, late of Potter township, dec'd, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to said decedent are requested to make immediate payment, and persons having claims against the estate will present them authenticated for settlement.

JNO. B. ROYER,
CATH. ROYER,
Administrators.
18sept 6t



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PENNSYLVANIA RR.

Philadelphia and Erie Railroad Division.

SUMMER TIME TABLE.

On and after SUNDAY, Nov. 26 1878, the trains on the Philadelphia & Erie Railroad Division will run as follows:

WESTWARD.

ERIE MAIL leaves	Philadelphia	11 55 p m
" "	Harrisburg	4 25 a m
" "	Montandon	6 57 a m
" "	Williamsport	8 35 a m
" "	Lock Haven	9 40 a m
" "	Renova	11 00 a m
"	arr at Erie	7 35 p m
NIAGARA EX. leaves	Phila.	7 20 a m
" "	Harrisburg	10 50 a m
" "	Montandon	1 03 p m
"	arr at Williamsport	2 00 p m
"	Lock Haven	3 35 p m
FAST LINE leaves	Philadelphia	11 45 a m
" "	Harrisburg	3 35 p m
" "	Montandon	4 55 p m
"	arr at Williamsport	7 25 p m
" "	Lock H ven	8 40 p m
	EASTWARD.	
PACIFIC EX. leaves	Lock Haven	6 40 a m
" "	Jersey Shore	14 a m
" "	Williamsport	7 55 a m
" "	Montandon	9 08 a m
" "	arr at Harrisburg	11 55 a m
" "	Philadelphia	3 40 p m
DAY EX. leaves	Renova	10 05 a m
" "	Lock Haven	1120 a m
" "	Williamsport	12 40 p m
" "	Montandon	1 47 p m
"	arr at Harrisburg	4 10 p m
" "	Philadelphia	7 20 p m
ERIE MAIL leaves	Renova	8 35 p m
" "	Lock Haven	9 45 p m
" "	Williamsport	11 05 p m
" "	Montandon	12 18 a m
"	arr at Harrisburg	2 45 a m
	Philadelphia	7 00 a m
FA LINE leaves	Williamsport	2 35 a m
"	arr at Harrisburg	3 55 a m
"	arr at Philadelphia	7 40 a m

Par cars will run between Philadelphia and Williamsport on Niagara Ex. West, Erie Ex. West, Philadelphia Express East, and Day Ex. East and Sunday Ex. East. Sleeping cars on all night trains.

WM. A. BALDWIN, General Superintendent.

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23 oct. 4m.

IN THIS age of Commerce and in these go-a-head times, the pressing demand is for thoroughly trained men for business. Our Institution offers unsurpassed facilities to young and middle aged men for obtaining a Practical Education. A short time only is required to complete the course of study. Expense light. Individual instruction. Students can enter at any time. No vacations. For circulars address P. DUFF & SONS, Pittsburgh.

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AUCTIONEER—The undersigned respectfully offers his services to the citizens of Centre county, as an auctioneer. Several years successful experience enables him to render the utmost satisfaction in crying sales. GEO. KOCH.

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I WILL NOT BE UNDERSOLD BY ANY PARTY THAT SELLS THE SAME QUALITY OF GOODS

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

The Women of Egypt.

They are not allowed to go out of doors as women in other countries are, and many of them never get beyond the walls of their houses. The cows sleep in the same hut with the people. These huts are made of mud without windows, and the doors so small that the wonder is how the people get in. They do not wash their babies till they are a year old, because it is considered unlucky to do so. They rarely comb their hair from month to month. Their chief meal is at sunset; the rest of the time they eat at a piece of bread when they are hungry. They never use plates or knives or forks. All sit around the table on the floor. Bread is their daily food and each family makes for itself, as it is a kind of disgrace to buy "street bread." The women clean the corn and carry it on their heads to mill. It is made into thin, small cakes, stuck against the sides of an oven, and baked in *less* than a minute. A hundred loaves are not too many for a family of four in a week. Travelers are usually expected to eat three loaves apiece. They make butter in a strange way. A goatskin half filled with milk is hung on a pet, and then a woman jerks it to and fro till the butter comes. Then she drains it, but never washes or salts it. Their favorite dish is rice cooked with this butter.

Fashion Notes.

Alsatian bows, lace edged, are worn.

Mother-o'-pearl buttons are exceedingly stylish.

Cascades and plastrons are formed of coral jet fringe.

Breton lace, plaited, trims dainty costumes beautifully.

Handkerchiefs of pink or blue batiste have edges of ecru torchon lace.

Egyptian necklaces are composed of golden lizards alternating with gems.

Handsome silk stockings have lace insertion let in from the toe to the instep.

Paon green velvet and ereme pompadour satin form some elegant costumes.

Beads and ornaments of amber decorate the Moorish or Oriental fabrics exquisitely.

Satin skirts have the front openings between the parters filled in with tiny plaited frills.

Pretty fichus and vests are made of crepe de chine and brocaded gauze, decorated with satin ribbon.

Polonaises are very long, gathered up in the center and looped high each side, forming small paniers.

All monotony of dress is completely broken up by the striking autumnal colors generally adopted.

Bonnet shapes covered with silk net and beaded with jet or beads of any and all colors are most stylish.

Pretty ties are made of pompadour gauzes, blue and pink Surah and such laces as point d'esprit and Breton.

Ribbon with pearled edges is new this winter and is costly enough not to be likely to grow common.

The novelties in necklaces of twisted wires of gold and silver were in olden times worn by those in authority.

A fall parasol is covered with damasse and edged with a silken cord; another is of foulard, bordered with an embroidered band and finished with a lace flounce.

The novelties in fancy jewelry are earrings and brooches of flies, sun beetles, lady birds and bees, which are such good imitations that they are often mistaken for real.

Bressy bonnets for the winter will be of soup-lander white felt, trimmed with white and colored feathers and lined with turquoise blue, ruby or gold shirred satin.

Exquisitely delicate is the cream-colored fabric, embroidered in pink rose buds and foliage, the half-blown blossoms being faint in tint and the leaves the rare yellowish green of early spring.

Small black or white lace shawls are arranged on the shoulders in folds, tied in at the waist with long ends hanging in front. Others are secured to the waist by a pretty lace pin or bunch of flowers.

The new bonnet strings are made of double satin or silk, are about four inches in width and finished at the ends with fringe, showing beneath a dainty lace plaiting. They are secured beneath the back hair with a fancy pin.

An exquisite costume for a bride is of moonlight-blue satin and brocaded silk, decorated with embroidery and rare point lace, the loopings of the drapery being secured with silver fern-leaf pins, the buttons, ornaments and jewelry to match.

A plain black velvet cloak is most charming for this season, and can be worn with any rich dress. Still later in the season pretty out of door jackets of fancy cloth, in the various shades of gray and navy beige, trimmed with very handsome ribbon-effect woolly buttons of wrought-iron, old silver or oxydized metal, will be exceedingly popular.

The new bonnet ribbons are wider than heretofore, ranging from two and a half to four inches. They come in all the old favorites, to which are added the new shot ribbons and twilled silk serge ribbons, which are very handsome. As already indicated, the strings are loosely tied at the back of the bonnet, instead of being brought round in front.

New smoked pearl buttons are exquisitely carved in curious and pretty designs, some bearing a tiny house surrounded with shrubbery; others a bird, a bow or a branch with a tiny bird's nest filled with eggs. All of these are finely cut to show the variety of tints in smoked pearl.

The Tragedy at Mooltan.

The massacre of the British embassy at Cabul and its consequences have a strikingly close parallel in the now almost forgotten events that led to the siege of Mooltan, in 1848. In the spring of that year a powerful Sikh chief named Lalla Moolraj, as great an adept in treachery as the Afghan ameer himself, kindled a revolt against England, and gathered a strong rebel force at Mooltan, which he had pre lously stored and fortified. The two resident English agents, Lieut. Anderson and Mr. Agnew, were attacked in the streets of the city by an infuriated mob, severely wounded, and with difficulty escaped to the few native friends, who carried them into an adjoining house, which was at once assailed by the rabble. The friendly natives, losing heart, implored the doomed men to offer submission, and ask mercy of Moolraj. But the two heroes never flinched. "You may kill us," said Agnew to his murderers as they came howling around him, "but we are not the last of the English. Others will come after us, whom this city shall long remember." The prediction was speedily made good. The rebels, although numbering three to one, were utterly beaten in the field by Col. Cortland and Lieut. Edwardes. Mooltan, after a siege of several months, was carried by storm in January, 1849, and Moolraj himself surrendered to Gen. Whish. The remains of the murdered agents were taken from the spot where they had been thrown, and buried with military honors.

An Arizona Carnival.

A correspondent of the Los Angeles *Express*, writing from Tucson, Arizona, thus describes the manner of celebrating a *fiesta* in that town: These *fiestas* are the relic of a fast departing barbarism and more like the mad revels of the wild Indians or of lunatics than of supposably sensible persons. Yet here nightly you would have seen congregated at this immoral exhibition those who put on the airs of gentility and want to rank as the *elite* of the land. Here are ladies dressed in silk, their hands glittering with diamonds (husbands represent some of the heaviest business houses) sitting for hours alongside of Chinamen and the cowest of the Mexican herd, playing chuses or roulette, trying to win the common herd's money, and by some inscrutable freak of the fickle goddess they and the Chinamen won nearly all the money. Picture to yourself some eighty canvas houses, of all sizes and shapes, surrounding four sides of a square, in the center of which is a large canvas tent, which is used for dancing on the sand. When the *fiesta* is in full blast, between the horrid din, the dust and the weird, flitting figures, you can safely imagine yourself in pandemonium. The rest of the tents are occupied by whisky shops and gambling tables, of which some forty are in full blast, harvesting fools' money. Here are nightly gathered together from 1,000 to 2,000 people of all classes, nations and colors, who walk, gamble, drink, dance and howl like a pack of coyotes. All other business has had to succumb to it.

CATCHING LADY SMUGGLERS.

How the Business is Managed on the Canadian Border—A Lady Detective's Experience with the Weaker Sex—Women the Boldest and Most Ingenious Smugglers—Some of the Devices they Resort to.

Going to and fro on the regular ferry-boats and observing the ladies who crowd the upper decks, one is astonished at the clumsiness of feminine fashions—the prevalence of ultra large hoops, the ungraceful drapery of shawls and the bulkiness of the tournure in contradistinction to the sheath-like slimness of apparel which has so long been the prevailing style. It is noticeable, too, that these very respectable ladies are of all ages, single and married, some very handsome, others quite ordinary in appearance. They seem to shun observance, and sit in remote corners. They have, too, a flushed, disheveled look, as if they might be refugees from the fever district. Sometimes they are shadowed by a plain respectable looking woman, pas the boundary of youth, who seems to take a deep interest in them. Each rest less matron or maiden passes under her surveillance, though unaware of the fact, until ,the landing is reached, and a sudden tap upon the shoulder is followed by a low-spoken "Come with me," as inexorable a command as the edict of fate. Who are the much be-clothed victims? They are one and all smugglers; excellent people, belonging to the best Canadian or American families, but as intent on defrauding the government out of its tariff as if the object were the most meritorious in the world. Women are natural smugglers. They enjoy the peril as well as the profits of outwitting a government detective. There is a smack of ordinary about the business that is delightfully romantic, and not the least bit wicked—so the dear creatures argue. The woman who confronts them with the fact that they have smuggled goods about them is a government detective, several of whom are employed to watch the ladies and compel them "to render unto Cæsar that which is Cæsar's." A representative of the *Free Press* had a recent opportunity a moments chat with Miss Harriet Thompson, the new employee of the Canadian government, who is only interested in goods passing from Detroit to Windsor.

"Have you been long in this business, Miss Thompson?" was asked by way of prelude.

"About two months only; it was entirely new to me, but I think I understand it thoroughly now."

"About how many do you average on your daily trips?"

"I do not make daily trips—sometimes I am at Chatham or at Sarina, and I have an office where ladies are searched. It is my business to assist them to disrobe—gently, if they will, but forcibly if they resist. It is not a pleasant business, I can assure you, but I have my duty to perform. Some of the ladies are very nice. The younger ones will cry and wring their hands, and sometimes faint; they hate to give up the goods and are so ashamed at being caught."

"Where you find smuggled goods, do you keep them?"

"No, we compel the smugglers, if we can, to take them if they paid for them. They can then keep the goods by paying us what they originally cost. We appraise them ourselves if they give false prices. Sometimes the Detroit firms make out bills of lower value, or furnish the parties with bill heads, which they fill up to suit themselves. These we estimate at our own figures and release the parties on payment."

"What class of goods do the smugglers give the largest preference to?"

"White and gray cottons, heavy colored drillings, fancy knitted goods and that class. The duty on such is about twenty-five per cent. The goods are bulky and hard to handle; that is why they are so easily detected. The ladies pin whole pieces of cotton about their persons, hide them in their shawls or disposed about their skirts, and it makes their movements very awkward. I brought one young lady in here the other day who wore a very large bustle, composed entirely of American laces. She cried and pleaded, but had to pay us the value of the whole lot."

"How is it about the Canada side—do the Detroit ladies smuggled from here?"

"Oh! I have nothing to do with that; it is for your government to attend to that. But our goods are principally laces, kid gloves, ribbons and small articles that are easily secreted. A lady can wear a pair of kid gloves, and carry a new umbrella in her hand, and swathe herself in laces, and no one will be the wiser. The French women are said to be expert in carrying plaited straw across with perfection. I could tell you some funny stories of shrinkage in dry goods of ladies who come in here plump and who went away very much attenuated. One stout lady inventoried one piece of white cotton, four pairs of emb roidere hose, several yards of black cashmere, one dozen pocket handkerchiefs and a pair of children's shoes, besides linings, buttons and trimmings. She was nearly done with the weight of the things, but when we took her into the office she gave us a sight of trouble. I was obliged to take the things almost by main force, until she saw there was no help for it, and it cost her pretty severely in the end.

"Will they not recognize you as being in the employ of the government if you frequent the boats?"

"No; they never see me watching them; besides, there is nothing about me to attract attention. I am not in uniform, nor do I ever seem to be watching them.

"How it is about the male passengers? Do they never smuggle?"

"Yes; but the custom-house officials can be much more peremptory with them. They are not in my line; it is only the ladies I am commissioned to watch."

"Is the situation lugrative?"

"It pays very well. I have a regular salary and a coumission on all revenue derived from my work. It is an ungracious business, but perfectly respectable. If ladies are surprised to see a woman fill such an office, it surprises me as much to find them engaged in smuggling and breaking the laws of the country.—*Detroit Free Press.*

History of a Singular Murder.

The escape of Wm. D. Kingin from the State prison, and his voluntary return, says the Grand Rapids (Mich.) *Eagle*, will recall to many in the county one of the most singular tragedies ever enacted in this part of the State. Kingin and Barber were neighbors, and on perfectly friendly terms with each other. Kingin was a man highly respected, and when the news of his crime spread through the community the feeling of horror at the deed was fully rivaled by the utter astonishment that he should kill a man. Barber was town treasurer, and had held that office for several terms, which shows the estimation in which he was held. They started together early one morning from Barber's house in Algoma, in this county, to come to Grand Rapids, Barber's chief errand was to pay to the county treasurer some moneys that he had collected. Kingin had an ax on his shoulder. As he told the story after he was convicted, at the time of receiving his sentence, no thought of committing such a bloody deed had previously entered his mind. But the thought suddenly occurred to him, as they were walking along a lonely piece of road, how easily he might knock Barber down with the ax and get possession of the money. Kingin dropped a little behind and struck Barber with the ax. A single blow accomplished the terrible deed, crushing through the skull of his victim. Kingin threw the ax to one side, and pursued his journey until overtaken by some neighbors, who had discovered the dead body of Barber. He went back with some one to the fatal spot. There was a little snow on the ground, the tracks were traceable, the ax was found, and the proofs were so conclusive that the conviction of Kingin was easy at the trial. He has been in State prison upward of twenty years.

Scared Out of Her Head.

A curious case of complete alopecy is reported in a French medical paper. A girl aged seventeen, who had always enjoyed good health, had one day a narrow escape from being crushed by a floor giving way beneath her. She was very much frightened, and the same night began to complain of headache and chills. The next morning she felt restless and had irritation of the scalp. During the following days she steadily improved, with the exception of the irritation. One day in combing her hair she noticed that it came out in great quantities. Five days later she had lost all her hair. Her general health was good. The patient remained bald, and was still so when seen two years later by the reporter.

Use and Abuse of Athletic Exercises.

On the day after the walking match in New York for the Astley championship belt, the Rev. Dr. Eggleston, pastor of the Church of Christian Endeavor, in Brooklyn, preached to a large congregation upon the "Use and Abuse of Athletic Exercises." Dr. Eggleston took for his text II. Corinthians ix. 24. He spoke as follows: I do not intend to make a spiritual application of these words in the liberty which I allow to myself in this pulpit to preach what relates to the conduct of life, ranging from the conventional standard which excludes many topics from the pulpit. I will to-night follow in the direction of your thoughts, and speak on the use and abuse of athletic exercises. A man is at a discount if he has not the right sort of body. There can be no healthful or wholesome action of the mind or the moral perception it the physique is enervated. There have been great men with weak bodies, but no man is at his best without physical strength. A man like John Randolph, irritable and excitable, is brilliant for a "short head," to borrow a sporting phrase, but he cannot last. The run is, to weaken the body is to reduce the mind, and men great with feeble bodies would be twice as great with strong ones. A Keats burns out; producing at twenty works which should have been deferred until he was thirty or forty. There must be an equation of mind and body and a proper balance kept. There cannot be any happiness without health.

But we go to work in many ways to systematically break down health. Sending children early to school is one of the most effective of these methods. "Childhood abhors quiet as nature does a vacuum," says one, but children are put in school and kept quiet; it puts an extinguisher upon them and lays the foundation for future misery. The crying shame of our times is the weight and restraint we put upon children. Business men here have no rest; they go like heads upon poles, bent forward. As a foreign lady said, men and boys in New York. We do not walk enough; the street car is an enemy to health. Muscle is not to be cultivated at the expense of brain. Carry physical culture too far and the brain is drawn upon. Men like Dr. Winship, all muscle, frequently die suddenly. There is too much muscle in our colleges now. The boating men cannot learn anything else, as I see it.

Their pursuits show the character of a people. In their Olympic games we see the superiority of the Greeks over the Romans. The latter, in their gladiatorial contests, showed the infernal depth of barbarism in which they were sunk. The Greeks had no tremendous test of endurance for six days; no gate money or bookmaking. They offered no prize of money value after the first few contests, but gave a wreath of myrtle. How different from the knightly tournaments of the middle ages or the bull baiting and cockfighting of our forefathers! But brutality is not absent from our sports. We are not content, as the Greeks, to have contests in running or wrestling only, but must see men prove their endurance by walking. I have had that universal human interest in walking matches to know how the score stands. I see the good in pluck and tremendous endurance and cannot help admiring it. The everlasting hold on which keeps men up to their work is to be admired wherever seen. But when their calling out of all the forces of human nature is allied with gambling and betting 'we see how brutalizing it is. Such a scene as that in front of the *Herald* office, with five hundred or five hundred persons' watching the bulletin, and when it stated that "Hazael is going groggy and complaining severely of his knees," putting their hands deep in their pockets because it affects them there, is not a noble one. It is not a sport worthy of the patronage of the noblemen of England or the gentlemen of America. It is not to bolster up manhood in men. Tenacity of purpose belongs to brutes as well as men; bulldogs have the hang on which does not give up. When men rejoice if Rowell is sick, or cast brickbats at another contestant, it shows how degrading such a contest can become. I will say nothing about the waste of money and time by the spectators. If New York wishes to pay $70,000 in a week for the sport, and I suppose it will, I would not suppress it by law. But it is worth while to notice how the police force wink at crime and how betting and gambling are carried on in their presence, for aught I know they taking part, if the truth were known. This tremendous excitement effects each one of us. It is savagery coming to the surface. I am no Puritan, but I desire to stand against anything which debasmanizes and degrades, and the lessons of the past week may, I hope, be correctives to us all.

Suggestions About Shopping.

Purchasers should, as far as possible, patronize the merchants of their own town. It is poor policy to send money abroad for articles which can be bought as cheap at home. Do not take hold of a piece of goods which another is examining. Wait until it is replaced upon the counter before you take it up. Injuring goods when handling, pushing aside other persons, lounging upon the counter, whispering, loud talk and laughing, when in a store, are all evidences of ill-breeding. Never attempt to "beat down" prices when shopping. If the prices do not suit, go elsewhere. The just and upright merchant will have but one price for the goods, and he will strictly adhere to it. It is an insult to a clerk or merchant to suggest to a customer that he may buy cheaper or better goods elsewhere. It is also rude to give your opinion, unasked about the goods that another is purchasing. Never expect a clerk to leave another customer to wait on you; and when attending upon you, do not cause him to wait while you visit with another. When the purchases are made, let them be sent to your home, and thus avoid loading yourself with bundles. Treat clerks, when shopping, respectfully, and give them no more trouble than is necessary. Ask for what, is wanted, explicitly, and if you wish to make examination with a view to future purchase, say so. Be perfectly frank. There is no necessity for practicing deceit. The rule should be pay for goods when you buy them. If, however, you are trusted by the merchant, you should be very particular to pay your indebtedness when you agree to. By doing as you promise, you acquire a habit of promptitude, and at the same time establish a credit and make a reputation among those among whom you deal. It is rude in the extreme to find fault and to make sneering remarks about goods. To draw unfavorable comparisons between the goods and those found at other stores does no good, and shows want of deference and respect to those who are waiting upon you. Politely state that the goods are not what you want, and, while you may buy, you prefer to look further. If a mistake has been made whereby you have been given more goods than you paid for, or have received more change than was your due, go immediately and have the error rectified. You cannot afford to sink your moral character by taking advantage of such mistakes. If you had made an error to your disadvantage, as a merchant, you would wish the customer to return and make it right. You should do as you would be done by. Permanent success depends upon your being strictly honest. —*Hill's Manual of Social and Business Forms.*

Words of Wisdom.

Love is lowliness: on the wedding ring sparkle no jewels.

Make not thy friend too cheap to thee, nor thyself to thy friend.

Be graceful if you can, but if you can't be graceful, be true.

If you are fishing for a good reputation you had better bait your hook with good deeds.

A man has no more right to say an uncivil thing than to act one; no more right to say a rude thing to another than to knock him down.

We must not always speak all that we know; that were folly; but what a man says should be what he thinks; otherwise it is knavery.

Duty is the little blue sky over every heart and soul—over every life—large enough for a star to look between the clouds, and for the skylark Happiness to rise heavenward through and sing in.

Though the cart creaks it will get home with its load, and the old horse—broken-kneed as he is—will do a sight of work yet. There is no use lying down and doing nothing because we cannot do everything as we should like. Faults or no faults, plowing must be done, and imperfect people must do it too, or there will beno harvest next year.

Bog Oak Ornaments.

A gentleman connected with the manufacture of ornaments from Irish bog oak gives to *Land and Water* some interesting particulars with regard to the history of that industry. When taken up this bog oak is perfectly black from the action of the peat or bog water. It is very rarely obtained in a sound state, and in most cases the outer portions of the tree or log are rotten, and useless even for fuel. When laid up for use, care must be taken that it is not placed in the open air, lest it may, from the sun's rays, become open and shattered into chips from end to end. To preserve it, it must be put into some cool place and left to dry gradually, and when properly seasoned it must be cut in lengths of from two to four feet, and these lengths be split again and the sound parts removed from the unsound. It takes from four to six years to season some specimens, as in many instances the wood is found at a depth of eight and sometimes ten feet under the surface. When properly seasoned, any portion requiring to be gifted becomes hard as stone, and is firmer and less liable to give way than any portion of the manufactured article. The finish is not quite perfect until the article has been for some time in use, and the longer the finer the article seems to be, no matter whether used as a personal or table ornament. The men employed are all, without exception, self-taught; each one makes his own tools, and will not take any apprentices; and each person has a peculiar taste for a certain kind of ornaments, which he follows, and to which he is left to produce the best specimens he can. There are fewelers who mount and embellish the ornaments with gold and silver and with rare and most brilliant Irish gems, such as the Kerry Irish diamond, the emerald, the garnet, amethyst, the beryl, acquamarine and Donegal pebble. The Celtic ornaments are generally studded with the above native gems; they are beautiful and most artistically executed. The designs embrace some thousands, and all of them are both classic and historically illustrative of Irish antiquities. Extensive deposits of bog oak and other buried woods have been discovered in Germany.

How the Zulu King was Captured.

Cetewayo behaved like a king in his downfall. Lord Gifford, with his white cavalry and natives, got within four miles of the kraal where the Zulu king was, at daybreak and there lay in ambush, fearing to advance across the open ground and waiting for the night to make the attack lest the king should see and escape into the bush, which borders the kraal within one hundred yards on the north side. Lord Gifford was on the southeast side. In the meantime Major Marter, with the king's Dragoon Guards, appeared on the northeast and was seen by the king but was not fired upon, thinking the cavalry in the bad ground could not approach quietly or without warning. Major Marter, however, had stripped the saddles and left the scabbards behind. Disappearing from view he stole up noiselessly through the bush. The Native Contingent, whom he had concealed, were put in advance, and they were able to move more rapidly than the white men. These men, without a shot, rushed the kraal, surrounded the kraal, saying, "The white man is coming; you are caught." Major Marter then rode up and dismounted, entered the kraal, and coming straight to the hut in which the king was called on him to come forth and surrender. The king feared and said, "No, you come unto me;" but Marter was inflexible, and the king, creeping out, stood up among the dragoons with steely composure. A dragoon sought to lay his hand upon him, but he waved the man back disdainfully, saying, "White soldier, let me be." He then asked to be shot. The king's bearing on the march between the lines of the Sixtieth regiment into his tent in the camp at Ulundi was dignified and calm. Wearing a red blanket upon his breast in the manner of a Roman toga, he stepped slowly, looking round with head thrown back and haughty gaze at the soldiers around him. When captured he asked the rank of the officer who had taken him. He treated the Native Contingent contemptuously.

A Counterfeit Greenback.

Business circles in this city have been thrown out of balance by the discovery of a new counterfeit five-dollar greenback note, and the additional discovery that the city was flooded with them didn't the least improve matters. Best informed business men, including bankers, are of the opinion that at least 1,000 of the spurious bills, or in all $5,000, are in circulation in Dayton and vicinity. That the bill is a good imitation may be inferred from the fact that up to a late hour they were received and paid out without question over the bank counters in Dayton. Its spurious character was discovered by James Ritty, who, to test the matter, deposited a sum of money in one of the banks of this city, enclosing one of the counterfeit bills in the lot. It was received along with the other bills, but subsequently he called the attention of the bank officers to the bill. The bill is of the new issue of the greenback (not national bank), and of the denomination of $5. We have examined quite a number of them, each of which was of series "C." The face of the bill is remarkably well executed, and will readily deceive even the best judges. The paper is good, rather the best quality; it is rather thin and light, not having quite the body of the genuine, and the bills have the appearance of being somewhat worn. Its spurious character, however, is readily discovered upon inspection of the back of the bill. Between the vignette in the center of the back and the left end is an unprinted space which in the genuine is filled with silk fiber, apparently woven or molded into the paper. In the counterfeit there is none of this fiber, but instead a neatly executed representation of the same, made with ink. It is, all in all, one of the most dangerous counterfeits in circulation.—*Dayton (Ohio) Journal.*

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NEWS SUMMARY.

Eastern and Middle States.

The "straight-out" Massachusetts Democrats met in State convention at Faneuil Hall, Boston. Over 1,000 delegates were present and Leverett Saltonstall was elected chairman. District delegates and delegates-at-large to the National Convention were elected, and the following ticket was unanimously chosen: For Governor, John Quincy Adams; Lieutenant-Governor, W. R. Plunkett; Secretary of State, General M. T. Donahue; Treasurer and Receiver-General, David N. Skillings; Auditor, William R. Field; Attorney-General, Richard Olney. The platform adopted denounces the Republican party "for the great public crime by which the people were defrauded of their right to be governed by a ruler of their choice;" affirms that the liberty of the individual is best protected by a constitutional division of the power of the government between State and Federal officials; believes that the purity of the ballot-box can be better preserved through State authority than by Federal interference; protests against laws which authorize the arrest of citizens at the polls without warrant or hearing; denies that any constitutional power exists in the Federal government to make anything a legal tender in the payment of debts except gold and silver, etc.

There is an increase of 1,600 in the first day's registration of voters in New York city as compared with the first day last year. Augustus Schell, grand sachem of Tammany Hall, and other well-known Tammanyites, served as inspectors and clerks of election. Samuel J. Tilden and David Dudley Field were also appointed election inspectors, but were excused from serving.

Peter McManus was hanged at Sunbury, Pa., for the murder of Coroner Frederick Hosser in December, 1874. The condemned man left a confession in which he said that he had seen generally studded with the above native gems; they are beautiful and most artistically executed. The designs embrace some thousands, and all of them are both classic and historically illustrative of Irish antiquities. Extensive deposits of bog oak and other buried woods have been discovered in Germany.

David Connors and William E. Clark, two boys, of whom the elder is only fourteen years old, surreptitiously left Pettsburg, Va., armed with shotguns, on a grand buffalo hunt. They reached New York, but a telegram had preceded them and they were taken in charge by the police.

Edward Seguin, the well-known American opera singer, and connected this season with the Emma Abbott troupe, died at Rochester, N. Y., a few days ago.

At Boston five men convicted last March of violating the Federal election laws were each fined $50 and costs, and a sixth offender was fined $100 and costs. They went to jail, but the fines were paid later.

The first Anti-Vaccination League of America has just been formed in New York by medical men and others, the object of the organization being "to awaken the attention of the public to the evils of vaccination and to its inutility, to put an end to its practice, and to prevent legislation for its enforcement."

Thirty-five men started in the six days' "go-as-you-please" pedestrian match in New York, for a championship belt and money prizes aggregating $9,000, given by Daniel O'Leary. The crowds present during the week were as large as those at the contest in the same place for the Astley belt a fortnight previous. When the match closed only eleven contestants were left on the track, among the twenty-four who had withdrawn during the week being just the men who had the best records as walkers, and who were considered by the knowing ones as bound to win. The winner proved to be Nicholas Murphy, a young man of only nineteen, employed in a brickyard at Haverstraw, New York, who developed an astonishing amount of endurance for one so youthful, and might have covered many more miles had he been permitted by the judges. The following is the score and list of prizes: Murphy, 505 miles, championship belt and $5,000; Howard, 500 miles, $2,000; Faber, 488 miles, $1,000; Briody, 475 miles, $500; Mahoney, 467 miles, $200, and Walker, Allen, Russell and Turnan, having made 450 miles and over, have their entrance fee of $100 each returned.

Henry C. Carey, the prominent writer on political economy, died in Philadelphia, a few days ago, aged eighty-six years.

Dr. F. Julius Le Moyne, the prominent advocate of cremation, died at his residence in Washington, Pa., the other day, at the age of eighty-one. He was twice Abolitionist candidate for governor of Pennsylvania. His remains will be cremated in the furnace erected by himself and which has twice before been used for the purpose of cremation.

Captain John F. Mason, a well-known shipmaster of Kennebunk, Me., while deranged, dangerously stabbed Mrs. E. M. Moody, his wife's sister, and then killed himself.

Two men named Clinton and Swayne were blown up and drowned in Boston harbor while experimenting in a sail-boat with a new explosive compound.

Western and Southern States.

L. A. Wiltz has been nominated for Governor by the Louisiana Democratic State Convention.

Thomas Jones and William Rearson, both colored, who were in jail at White Creek, Tenn., for murdering Dick Woods, a storekeeper, were taken from custody by an armed crowd and hanged to a railroad bridge. The two men had confessed the murder.

Telegrams from Wyoming Territory state that Gen. Merritt, after a forced march in which his troops covered 170 miles in about forty-eight hours, reached the battlefield at Milk river, in Colorado, and reinforced the command of Captain Payne, which for five days had been gallantly holding its own in the intrenchments, though constantly under fire and fighting one of the counterfeit bills in the lot. It was received along with the other bills, but subsequently he called the attention of the bank officers to the bill. The bill is of the new issue of the greenback (not national bank), and of the denomination of $5. We have examined quite a number of them, each of which was of series "C." The face of the bill is remarkably well executed, and will readily deceive even the best judges. The paper is good, rather the best quality; it is rather thin and light, not having quite the body of the genuine, and the bills have the appearance of being somewhat worn. Its spurious character, however, is readily discovered upon inspection of the back of the bill. Between the vignette in the center of the back and the left end is an unprinted space which in the genuine is filled with silk fiber, apparently woven or molded into the paper. In the counterfeit there is none of this fiber, but instead a neatly executed representation of the same, made with ink. It is, all in all, one of the most dangerous counterfeits in circulation.—*Dayton (Ohio) Journal.*

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Slaughter on a Michigan Railroad.

One of the most shocking disasters that has occurred in the West since Ashtabula, and one of the most frightful in the history of the Michigan railroads, has befallen a train on the Michigan Central Railroad, which left Detroit at half-past ten P. M., forty minutes behind time. The train was the west bound Pacific express, and was composed of fourteen cars—seven Wagner sleepers, four passenger coaches and three mail and baggage cars. Next to the mail car was an emigrant and second-class car, nearly filled with passengers. At Jackson, Mich., the train pulls out on a high rate of speed, ran into a switch engine, telescoping the baggage and express cars and crushing the four passenger coaches. The scenes which followed the collision were heartrending in the extreme. When the baggage car came in contact with the crushed coaches there was a heap of bruised, bleeding and dying human beings, whose moans and cries of distress filled the air. Mutilated bodies of the dead could be seen among the debris of the wrecked coaches. Under the shapeless mass which was once the express engine were the bodies of the engineer and fireman, which were extricated as soon as possible. Death to them and many of the other victims must have been instantaneous. The engineer and fireman of the switch engine seeing their peril in time leaped from their places and escaped injury. The lateness of the hour and the darkness of the night rendered the work of extricating the victims necessarily a slow and tedious one, but scores of ready hands were actively engaged in doing all that could be done under the distressing circumstances. Many trying and touching incidents occurred, and many acts of heroism were recorded. The list of dead as near was that of Willie Mace, a fair-haired and bright-eyed little boy, four years of age, whose father and mother and sisters were all killed. He was found clasped in his dead mother's arms, and so fastened in the wreck that it took three hours with axes and other implements to extricate him. His left leg was broken and his left arm and chin badly cut. His family lived in Philadelphia, and were on their way to some point in the West. The news of the disaster soon spread through Jackson, and by daylight the crowds at the depot and at the scene of the catastrophe were numbered by hundreds and greatly hindered the work of the rescuers, and required the constant efforts and watchfulness of the police. The railroad officers summoned hacks, omnibuses and whatever vehicles could be obtained, and conveyed the passengers and wounded to the city and provided for their immediate wants, while the citizens did all in their power to mitigate the horrors of the accident. More than twenty persons were killed and about thirty wounded, some fatally. Most of the dead and injured were taken out of the emigrant car, which received the heaviest force of the collision.

A New Breed of Horses.

The Nubians, who have recently arrived at the Paris Jardin d' Acclimation, have brought with them several animals which are likely to excite much interest with zoologists, among them being a mare of the Abyssinian mountain breed and three stallions from the Dongola horses, which, according to some authorities, are not of African origin, but of Arab descent, having been introduced into the country at the time of the Mussulman conquest. The Dongola horses are, for the most part, on the big side, averaging sixteen hands. Their powerful characteristics are a long and well-set neck and good shoulders and forelegs; but they are in no sense a trifle flat-sided. They are endowed with great stamina and make excellent war horses. The breed is to be found in the deserts of Alfaia, Yerra and Dongola, in which latter district the largest are bred. They are generally bay, black or white; but one never sees a gray. Mr. Hoskins says that the best horses of this breed are black, with white feet and legs. They cost from $250 to $750, and some years back one of them was sold at Cairo for $2,000.—*London Live Stock Market.*

That was an observing little fellow, if he was but six years old, who said: "Pap, I wish you'd quarantine against Tom Jones coming here every night to see Jennie. It's got to be too epidemic."

The man who fell off the fence into the brambles was much nettled by the occurrence. "We hope thistle be appreciated," says a punster. Weed have said the same thing.

Strikes Among the Orientals.

The more we know of the East, the more apparent it becomes that many of our modern ideas and conceptions are only new forms of old ones. China invented not only gunpowder and the mariner's compass, but paper money. It is generally admitted that many religious doctrines and ceremonies come from India, while the system and practice of strikes and trades union has been long in vogue there.

The strikes carried on by the laborers of India are marvels of combination, unity, obedience and expedition. The famous caste system of that country is not solely of a religious character. There are trade castes and profession castes. By means of these they are able to obtain higher prices for their commodities than they can in open market. They maintain two prices, one for the poor native and a higher one for the European who can get no abatement. Nor is there any pretense of concealing the fact. In the matter of apprenticeship they are more stringent than the trades union. No one born outside of the caste can be apprenticed to its trade, and all born in side must be. The system has extended to the Mohammedans and native Christians.

In time of food scarcity the grain merchants lock up their stocks on hand, break their contracts, subscribe to a general fund in defence of lawsuits, deny that they have any grain; but, if the case goes against them, walk from the court to the market and sell at famine prices the grain they just denied possessing. Toddy-drawers—who are not barkeepers, as their name implies, but drawers of juice from the palm tree—have prev